

Américas

CHRISTMAS IN TOYLAND

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A COFFEE GROWER

on a small farm
in Colombia

Cuban painter

AMELIA PELÁEZ

TURTLES FOR YOUR TABLE

This month's
fiction:

THE LESSON

25
cents

*A doll that kneels is
one of this year's new toys
(see page 3)*





Américas

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Courtesy Ideal Toy Corporation

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Dear Reader

In my unforgettable travels throughout America, I have been able to establish personal contact with most of the Presidents, cabinet ministers, and cultural figures. All were familiar with the OAS. But this knowledge ought not to be limited to governments and leaders; it should be shared by the people. So long as the people remain in ignorance not only of the nature of the OAS but of its very existence, it will continue to enjoy official popularity but will mean nothing to the millions of human beings who together make up the real America.

It is a grave error in any international policy to think in terms of governments and not in terms of people too. Intergovernmental agreements solve only a part of our problems. Moreover, governments are always subject to the hazards of politics. Peoples, on the other hand, form the permanent substance of life. The governments belong to the OAS; the people cannot come to it. The OAS, then, must go to them. This can be done by means of a methodical campaign that will carry to continental public opinion, and above all to the masses, the message of our regional organization. Better still, it can be done if the OAS finds a practical way to offer our various populations concrete benefits.

Publicizing the OAS is a relatively simple matter. What requires very serious consideration on the part of all the American governments is the organizing of a program of action that, independently of national efforts, will help to raise the standard of living in every country. There is evidence that we are moving in this auspicious direction. But without a central idea, without a broad strategy inspired by the revolutionary aim of combatting poverty, illness, and ignorance, the OAS may appear to many as a body whose characteristic activity is simply the achievement of political agreements among our governments. Such agreements are all to the good, for thanks to the solidarity of our countries the American continent has shut its door on colonial imperialism. But this, which in the past was a great deal, is no longer enough—particularly since the establishment of the United Nations for precisely the purpose of giving all countries, including those of America, this indispensable guarantee of independence. The value of the inter-American system today lies principally in the possibilities it holds out for improving the lives of Americans.

When a farmer anywhere in the Hemisphere has received from the OAS something with which he can fight illness, improve his crops, or open his eyes to culture, then and only then will that grateful farmer know that the OAS exists and that he in turn should support it. The same thing may be said of the worker in the cities, who also needs to experience personally a "something" that will enable him to recognize the existence of the OAS.

For these reasons, the governments must extend to material cooperation the same enthusiasm they have been devoting to political cooperation. The popular prestige of the OAS depends on the success of this practical cooperation. The difficulties inherent in so vast a purpose must not discourage us. America, which as Bolívar said is the Mother of Nations and the Queen of Republics, has been able in the past to overcome difficulties deemed insuperable by other continents. Just as, anticipating the League of Nations and the United Nations, it launched Pan Americanism, America must demonstrate to the world that an organization of states can also be an organization of peoples.

Luis Quintanilla

Luis Quintanilla
Ambassador of Mexico to the OAS

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

RAILROADS: progress in Mexico

Among recent World Bank loans to Latin America, the one granted to the Pacific Railroad of Mexico is notable, both for its size—sixty-one million dollars, to be repaid over a period of twenty-five years—and for its economic implications.

Bought by the government in 1951 from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, this line serves the northwest coast of Mexico, crossing the states of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Nayarit. This region, which contains eight and a half million acres of fertile land, is now undergoing an agricultural revolution. Almost 1,750,000 acres are irrigated at present, and this figure is scheduled to be raised to four and a half million within the next ten years. Mexico has lately become almost self-sufficient in wheat as a result of the development of cultivation in the area; locally grown cotton has become one of the country's principal export crops; green vegetables are shipped in quantity to the United States during the winter. In addition, 85 per cent of the country's total fish catch passes through Gulf of California ports served by the railroad. In little more than a decade, according to the World Bank report, freight volume in this zone has doubled. Hence modernization of the line is imperative.

The loan will be used for a rehabilitation and development program that includes replacement of one thousand of the line's twelve hundred miles of track; repair of bridges; and the purchase of 64 diesel locomotives, 684 freight cars, four million ties, 170,000 short tons of rail, and communications and roundhouse equipment.

The high percentage of track to be replaced and the amount of new equipment needed give an idea of the serious maintenance situation of the Pacific line. Nor is this particular road an exception; in Mexico and throughout Latin America, railways in general face problems that are just as grave.

the other Latin American Countries

Even before World War II, Latin American rail systems were unequal in both extent and condition of equipment to the needs of a rising volume of traffic. As a result of the increased demand for raw materials during the war, the old equipment had to carry loads greatly in excess of capacity. Efforts to rebuild the railways and restore them to their former level of efficiency were impeded first by lack of material and more recently by scarcity of foreign currency. Geographic and other factors divide the countries into two groups: Central America and the island of Hispaniola on the one hand and the rest of Latin America on the other.

Inadequate transportation is perhaps the major obstacle to economic development in the Central American countries, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. Although railroads are usually the lowest-cost land carriers when there is a large and steady amount of freight to be hauled, the irregular volume of freight typical of this area, the high

cost of building and maintaining railroads, the hazards of the terrain, weather conditions, and especially the prevalence of short hauls all combine to render the common-carrier railroads uneconomic there and to make highway construction a better solution to the area's problems. As a result, few new railways are planned. It is estimated that an annual expenditure of forty to fifty million dollars could double Central American highway mileage in less than ten years, thereby meeting the transportation requirements for general economic growth. The combined length of the railway systems in this region at the end of 1951 totaled 3,236.8 miles. They are largely foreign-owned and consist for the most part of railways designed and built expressly to move export crops from the centers of production to Pacific and Atlantic ports; in fact, of the total mileage, 56 per cent was built and is used primarily by the banana-producing companies. Chiefly because of varying gauges, the railroads in this area are not connected.

The situation is quite different in Mexico, Cuba, and South America, where there is a definite trend toward national and regional expansion, improvement, and connection of the railroad networks as well as toward the construction of highways. Yet here too, because the railways were built individually and without coordination by governments and private companies, gauges are not uniform—a condition that has considerably hampered the flow of commodities inside and between countries. The size of these countries makes railroads an economic necessity. Argentina, with the most extensive rail system, had in 1950 about 27,452 miles—one mile of rail for each 39.5 square miles of territory or for each 656 inhabitants. Cuba has about 3,036 miles—one for each 14.5 square miles or 193 inhabitants. As a basis for comparison, the United States may be cited: 239,084 miles of rail, which comes to one mile for each 12.6 square miles of area or for each 669 inhabitants.

Clearly, even relatively small improvements in existing facilities would greatly foster the development of Latin American natural resources and open up vast areas of potential wealth that at present are virtually inaccessible. Progressive development of railway systems can undoubtedly raise the standard of living throughout the South American continent and increase production to meet present and future demand.

OUTLOOK FOR CORN

World corn production for the crop year 1954-55 is estimated at 5.5 billion bushels, about 4 per cent under the 1953-54 bumper total, according to the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Nevertheless, production is expected to be up in six Latin American countries (Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Colombia, and Uruguay). Their combined output is estimated at 636 million bushels, as against an even six hundred million in 1953-54. Mexico will contribute most to the increase, with a probable rise of about 15 per cent, or sixteen million bushels.

Christmas in toyland

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TOYS?

Lillian L. de Tagle

LETTERS ADDRESSED, in laborious script, to "Santa Claus, Heaven" or "Mr. Santa Claus, North Pole" have already begun to appear in U.S. post offices. Meanwhile, toy factories all over the country have closed their doors to visitors and doubled their forces to meet the demand. In the studios, designers and experts have been occupied all year in dreaming up new creations that will attract not only children but their parents, for the adults do the buying and as a rule unconsciously impose their preferences on the small recipients.

Though toys are often considered frivolous objects with no special meaning, a look at history or back to one's own childhood provides evidence of their deep significance. Even in ancient times toys were important to children, and their parents gave them miniature copies of the objects they themselves used. Stone dolls, crudely shaped animals, small bows and arrows, have been found in Stone Age caves; in later, more advanced societies, children amused themselves with articulated animals and dolls and mechanical toys such as the flying bird of the Greeks.

In the Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City, there is a clay doll with movable arms and legs found at Teotihuacán. There are also some rolling toys dating from the pre-Columbian era—a puzzle to archeologists and anthropologists, for the principle of the wheel was never used in ancient American transport and industry. The clay toys still made by the Carajá Indians of Brazil bear an extraordinary resemblance to statuettes attributed to the late Paleolithic period found in various regions of Europe. These strange Carajá dolls are extremely stylized, with tiny faces, narrow shoulders, and enormous hips. The legs are usually indicated by stumps, and sometimes a long roll of black resin serves as both hair and arms.

Toy-making from clay is common throughout Latin America. Operating with very little capital, this craft must rely instead on imagination and on traditional forms and colors. The markets of Mexico, Brazil, Peru,

Child psychologists maintain that toys, like food and clothing, play key role in a youngster's development



Chile, and Venezuela abound in pieces so beautifully made that, more than toys, they are collectors' items prized by admirers of popular art. Some reflect the customs and peculiarities of the peoples who make them, and the parent who models the figure of a hero or a bandit for his child is telling him the things he knows or transmitting a legend to him. When the Chimecatitlán peasant weaves palm-leaf figures representing a job or an animal out of everyday life, he is bringing home to his child the meaning of men and things that at full size may seem remote. Thus the child learns from his toys.

For years the toy industry devoted itself to turning out fragile objects better adapted to use as ornaments

can the child do with or learn from this toy? A good example of this change is what happened with dolls. Until then, dolls had been made with heads of china or wax, and had to be treated with infinite care. But now they began to appear with almost unbreakable plastic heads and rubber bodies, so that little girls could safely bathe and dress them, just as their mothers did with real babies.

The U.S. industry came quickly to the forefront, and has now supplanted those of Germany and Japan, which until a few years ago were fighting it out for supremacy in world toy markets. The latest figures of the U.S. Department of Commerce show that in 1947, with a potential market of some fifty million children between five and fifteen in the United States alone, the toy industry employed nearly forty-five thousand workers and represented capital of \$187,000,000—mostly in small workshops, with a few multi-million-dollar exceptions. According to surveys carried out by Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., Incorporated, sales during 1954 should exceed a billion dollars.

In addition to the usual functions performed by trade associations, Toy Manufacturers offers the services of a psychologist—Dr. Grace Langdon, Counselor in Child Development to the American Toy Institute, which is sponsored by the association. Dr. Langdon has organized a number of child-study projects for the government, and last summer published a book on her specialty called *Teachers-Parents Interviews*. For the past seven years she has worked for the toy industry, approving designs and advising on the appropriate age group for each new item. She has done a great deal to spread the use of toys in children's hospitals. Careful observation of the use to which a child puts a toy often reveals

Machines for mass production of dolls in a U.S. factory help speed output for the booming Christmas trade



Brazilian potter puts finishing touches on clay animal. In Latin America toys are generally made by hand

than as playthings—hence the exquisite dolls dressed in gem-encrusted or gold-embroidered silks, the elegantly furnished dolls' houses, and the porcelain table services of which every broken dish spelled tragedy, that we see in museums. The theory that toys are instruments of education was first formulated more than a hundred years ago by a German teacher named Froebel, who wrote a book in which he held that the most important years in human development were those of earliest childhood, that toys could teach a child, and that a useful toy was always preferable to a more fragile one designed to be looked at. Froebel established a kindergarten to demonstrate his ideas. But he was ridiculed and like most prophets died disillusioned and misunderstood while the toy industry of Germany and of Europe in general continued to manufacture ornamental toys.

But when the United States placed an embargo on German merchandise during the First World War, domestic toy manufacturers took the opportunity to make revolutionary changes in design, along the lines of Froebel's theory. Working with the collaboration of teachers, they began to ask of each new model: What





Latin American children select playthings from ceramic figures, which grown-ups collect as works of art

the cause of an emotional upset or problem that would otherwise remain a mystery. When, for example, a little girl invariably stages scenes of violence in her doll's house, she demonstrates to the doctor that discord reigns in her own home.

"The child needs toys both to amuse himself and to satisfy his need to be always active," says Dr. Langdon. "But they must be chosen with the same care as his clothes and food. The child's character must be studied, for he will be bored by a toy that is too easy for him and discouraged by one that is too difficult. Naturally, this does not mean they must be bought with a prescription," she adds, laughing.

Among the most widely approved educational toys are Dr. A. C. Gilbert's Erector sets. Gilbert, a manufacturer of magicians' equipment who only two years before had graduated from medical school, got the idea from watching the steel framework for power lines going up along a section of railway that was being electrified. So successful was the result that Gilbert never went back to either magic or medicine. To inspire younger children with an interest in engineering, his firm has recently developed an Erector set with pieces made of colored plastic. Other sciences represented in the Gilbert catalogue are chemistry (a set of acids, test tubes, and a manual for conducting experiments) and biology (a 450-power microscope). The company also manufactures toy trains; the American Flyer display at Gilbert's New York store has engines that pull seventeen cars or more, and is insured for thirty thousand dollars. Understanding the educational value of such playthings, Latin American governments

that maintain prohibitive tariffs on other kinds of toys facilitate the importation of these by classifying them as teaching aids.

A decade or so before Gilbert put his new kind of toy on the market, one Morris Michtom seized upon an anecdote concerning President Theodore Roosevelt to create one of the most popular characters in childhood fantasy. While on a hunting trip, the President came upon a baby bear abandoned in the woods and refused to kill it, and cartoons and drawings of the episode were widely published in the papers. It occurred to Michtom to produce a plush image of the cub, and when he saw that the idea appealed to his customers, he wrote to President Roosevelt asking for permission to baptize it with his name. Roosevelt agreed, and the Teddy Bear was born.

Half a century later, Ben Michtom, son of its creator and president of the big Ideal Toy Corporation, paid the toy that made his father famous fitting tribute on its golden anniversary. Musing on the life of the President who inspired it, he recalled that one of the principal goals of his administration had been conservation of his country's woods and wild life. Not long before, the papers had carried the story of Smokey, a bear cub orphaned by a New Mexico forest fire. Rescued by rangers, he had been adopted by the Forest Service as mascot in its anti-forest-fire campaign. "Mr. Poinggg," as his friends call Michtom at such times, set off for Washington at once to seek government approval of a Smokey toy that would convert every child into a conservation agent. The bill authorizing use of the name

went through in a single day (the document bears the lucky number 711) and imposes a substantial fine for use of the name Smokey without permission of the Ideal Toy Corporation.

"You know who was the first person to be fined?" asks Ben Michtom. "Me. I was making a toy called Smorky for a food company, and didn't notice the similarity of the names until one day a federal agent showed up to notify me that I was breaking the very law passed to protect my interests."

Smokey was a success. Each child receives with his bear a certificate of membership in the Forest Service, an identification card, and a leaflet with regulations imposed by Smokey Bear for the protection of his domains, all enclosed in a Department of Agriculture envelope impressively marked "Official Business." This complicated ritual cannot help but engrave on the child's mind the importance of conservation to the country.

Ben Michtom, now fifty-three, gets a special glint in his eye when he talks of his business, in which he has united imagination with financial success. While his father was still alive, the two brought out the Shirley Temple doll, which netted the firm six million dollars. Since then, assisted by a corps of eighteen engineers, chemists, and specialists in various fields, he has generally been first with the newest toys. His company was the first to make dolls of a vinylite material that resembles human skin in color and texture. He also introduced the doll that drinks water, wets, and weeps real tears. Now he has just discovered a new German product "Career" toys, such as these trumpets, are designed to stimulate Junior's creative expression

for stuffing plush toys—a plastic sponge that, unlike cotton and kapok fillings, does not mat or rot when wet, so that the toy can be tossed into the washing machine without losing its shape.

Ben Michtom has a tentacular concept of business. When this new toy reached his office, he asked the Bendix company for permission to try it out at the washing-machine factory and notified the makers of *All* that he would use their detergent. The results were as Michtom anticipated: Bendix offered to publicize the toy in exchange for a notice on the box that the washing-machine company will launder the toy free; *All* encloses with each a complimentary packet of its soap powder. In similar vein, Michtom has created a series of toys that give his customers free merchandise worth more than double what they pay. This Christmas, for example, he is marketing a toy medicine chest filled with miniature tubes of toothpaste, boxes of talcum powder, soap, brushes, and so on, each a duplicate of some commercial product; clearly, what with the innate propagandizing skill of children, Michtom's idea will make everyone happy. After long experience in business, he says, he has discovered a very profitable truth: that the most powerful of all words is *free*, not *sex*.

Michtom will stop at nothing to promote a new toy. When ready to launch the Toni doll (another "tie-in" product, named for the home permanent wave and with hair that can be curled) he went to Paris and induced a dozen leading couturiers to design gowns for it. Meanwhile, in New York, a dozen U.S. designers were doing the same thing. Then the collection of twenty-four dolls, insured for fifty thousand dollars, was exhibited all over the country. Today the Tonis dressed by Dior, Balmain, Schiaparelli, and the rest stand under glass bells in Michtom's office.

But if he considers the toy business one of the most entertaining he could engage in, it is also a very serious matter to him. "Do you know how much the population of the United States increased from 1940 to 1953? Twenty-one per cent. Do you know how much the production of electric power increased during the same period? Two hundred and eighty per cent. And now, do you know how much the sales of the Ideal Toy Corporation increased? Two thousand per cent. In 1940 our sales were \$1,125,000; in 1953, \$25,000,000."

But when all is said and done, there is still one branch of toy-making that has no norms, statistics, or traditions, and that, chaotic as it may seem, is profoundly interesting to anyone who stops to interpret it: children's own improvisations with a sheet of tin, a piece of paper, and so on. I remember a broomstick fitted out with a spring and the wheels off some broken toy, which I had to keep a long time because my daughter would not give it up. I also remember a carefully boxed handful of red earth with some fruit seeds that could not be thrown out either because, she explained, it was an experiment she wanted to show her friends. Nor have I forgotten the air of superiority with which she said to me on that occasion: "If you need me to explain anything to you, just call." ♦ ♦ ♦





The life and times of a coffee grower*

Andrés Uribe C.

THE FARM of Don Pablo Martínez, a tall sun-tanned coffee grower, straddles a ridge some 3,500 feet high near the mountain city of Manizales, almost in the center of Colombia's principal coffee belt. The Martínez family came from the city of Cúcuta, where coffee was first grown in Colombia. Legend has it that Padre José Fulgencio Silva maintained secular law by enforcing sinners to plant young coffee trees as penance for their wrongs. Don Pablo claims that Colombia would be covered with coffee trees today if the good priest were present to discipline the younger generation.

His own healthy trees flourish through the labor of Dionisio and Bonifacio, his young sons, and his daughter Josefa. Colombian coffee-farming is, traditionally, family farming (unlike Brazil's plantation system, for example). It is the tradition which Don Pablo learned from his father, who carried coffee seeds in his pockets from the mother trees of Cúcuta when he left his parents' *finca* to seek his own land.

When Don Pablo was young, the *finca* was opened by burning off the mountainside. The rich land rewarded the family's efforts and Don Pablo had been content to stay with his own family on the tested ground. The mature trees bore coffee on twelve acres of slopes above, below, and around the small house. As the family increased, more trees were planted to finance the newcomers' future. This, too, was tradition.

On the morning after Jorge was born, Don Pablo took eighteen-inch-high seedlings from the nursery bed and, with the aid of Dionisio and Bonifacio, planted coffee for his new son. Each year his wife, María, and Josefa picked cherries from the very best trees to serve as the seedbearers. To avoid damage to the seeds, they depulped the fruit by hand and planted the seeds in a shallow box. Beneath a shading of palm leaves the seeds grew in the nursery bed for over a year.

Don Pablo was so certain Doña María would present him with another son that he had already bought two hectares—about five acres—of land adjacent to his own *finca*. Unlike his father, he could say that he and the bank owned the land, which he had bought with the help of a long-term, low-interest loan, granted on his standing as a good coffee farmer.

Dionisio dug the holes for Jorge's trees, spacing them so that every tree was nine feet from its nearest neighbor. This permitted about 570 trees to draw sustenance from

* Copyright 1954 by Andrés Uribe C. This article is a condensation of the chapter on Colombia from Mr. Uribe's forthcoming book, *Brown Gold: The Amazing Story of Coffee*, to be published by Random House in January.

each acre. His sharp machete had leveled the underbrush and the maze of tangled vegetation covering the slope. The jungle had been cut close to the ground, and during the hot, rain-free months of the summer before, the land had been burned over. The ashes from the burnt foliage had mixed with the deep layers of rich soil, providing nearly perfect ground for the young trees.

The soil was dark, moist, and loose, and Don Pablo

she made herself. There were machines that ground corn and huge boxes that kept food cold.

But the rushing stream near the kitchen preserved what food she needed to store, and while it was hard work, she ground her corn adequately with a wooden ram in a soft-stone bucket. The money from the coffee went back into the land or improved the home and farm buildings. As the *finca* prospered, she and Don Pablo



Trees are tended with infinite care on Colombian coffee farm. Bamboo lattice shields tender young seedlings

unwrapped the protective banana leaves from the ball of earth surrounding the root-structure of the seedlings and put them into the ground, leaving room for the roots to reach out for food and drink.

By the time the land was planted, Maria was on her feet again and Josefa could join Dionisio and Bonifacio on the daily mule trip to the school where the coffee farmer's children were taught to read and write and do simple arithmetic.

It was four miles by mule trail to the school near the graded dirt road which traversed the valley and climbed four thousand feet to the crest of the mountain and Manizales. Don Pablo and Maria left their mules in a friend's corral and caught the bus on the dirt road when they made the trip to the city. Maria went to purchase the necessities which neither she nor the land could produce, and Don Pablo attended meetings of the Manizales section of the National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia or purchased supplies for the *finca*. There were many things in the markets and stores of Manizales which Maria Martinez wanted but could not afford to purchase.

There were metal pots and pans she would have preferred to the gourds and clay bowls in her kitchen. There were small, razor-sharp knives far easier to handle than her cumbersome kitchen machete, and boxes of prepared soap that were far easier to use than the cakes

were satisfied with building a better place to live for their children. She had a sewing machine and, with fabric produced in the mills of Antioquia, she clothed the family. The main room in the house had a floor of poured concrete, which, along with the running water that was piped from the spring to the kitchen and coffee-cleaning tanks, had been installed by the Federation.

Don Pablo was a warm supporter of the Federation's program to bring good water to the coffee farms of the Manizales area. Epidemics were unknown since the farmers had good water, and the quality of the washed coffee had improved. The campaign had succeeded. Three hundred wells had been dug, seven hundred springs had been cleaned, and eleven hundred farm homes now had running water.

When Don Pablo completed his business, he drank a thimble-sized cup of coffee with his friends before he joined Maria on the steps of the great Cathedral of Manizales. After they entered the huge edifice Maria went forward to kneel before the gold-encrusted Virgin. Don Pablo relaxed on a bench and contemplated his strong brown hands. His hands, he thought, and the smaller hands of Dionisio and Bonifacio, and the still smaller hands of little Jorge were the hope of Colombia. Prayer was good, but the proud hands of the people made the countryside blossom. With good soil, which a compassionate God made plentifully available, man

needed only strong and willing hands to provide a wholesome life for himself and a hopeful future for his family.

But when word came that leaf mold was attacking adjacent coffee farms, he had asked Josefa and Dionisio to combine the power of their prayers with Maria's to ask the Virgin to guard the family *finca*. To make it easier for the Virgin, however, he sprayed each and every tree with chemicals purchased at cost from the Federation.

After church Don Pablo and Maria caught the evening bus for the hour-long trip back to where the mules were corralled. By the time they had traversed the first few ridges between the highway and their home, the pungent smoke of burning logs told them Josefa had the evening meal well under way. There would be unhulled rice and fat, banana-like plantains or yucca fried in vegetable oil. If a neighbor had butchered recently, there would be roasted chunks of beef or pork.

Of course, there was always coffee that had been ground with a stone pestle in a stone mortar and freshly roasted before every meal. The beverage was prepared by pouring boiling water through a clean cloth sack filled with the fine-ground beans. It was drunk at the end of the meal, sweetened with white sugar or small chunks of *panela* chipped with Maria's machete from the big brown sugar cake.

It was a happy home reflecting the rewards of hard work and the hopes for a better future. The rewards were not easily won. The family spent long hours of

Tall shade trees and cover crop of bananas protect coffee seedling being transplanted to permanent location



In farmer's front yard, coffee dries in shallow boxes, which are shaken often so that sun will reach all the beans

toil beneath the hot rays of the tropic sun. Though the altitude prevented depressing heat, the sun was both enemy and friend. It could burn and debilitate the strongest man or crumple the leaves of the firmest coffee tree.

Protecting the groves was important work, and Don Pablo and Dionisio planted a permanent network of tall shade trees called *guamos* over the young seedlings. Their foliage stretched out to greet the sun, and when the trees matured, thirty or forty feet above the ground, the branches would intermesh with others to form a screen to lessen the force of the sunlight. The high shade trees also impeded the occasional chill winds which swept off the higher Andean slopes.

To hold the soil against the tropical rains, Don Pablo planted corn and leafy beans down the center of the aisles in the grove. Besides providing food for the table and extra cash income, the root structure held the soil and prevented its running off with the rain. After the crops had been harvested, the dead coverplants were chopped up with hoes and machetes and worked back into the ground.

One day a Federation expert and Don Pedro Uribe, Chairman of the Sectional Committee of the Coffee Federation of Manizales, rode up to the grove on a regular tour of inspection. Don Pablo sat on a stump and talked

with Don Pedro while the scientist examined the trees for moss and molds and searched the tender leaves for signs of fungi. He made boring tests of the soil and examined the network of roots pushing out from the younger trees.

On the flat concrete terrace which served as a drying patio as well as front porch, Don Pablo learned that Dionisio had been accepted as a pupil at the agricultural school which the Federation maintained at the small town of Chinchina. He would leave as soon as the new crop of cherries on his father's trees was picked and washed.

The trunks of the shade and coffee trees had been scraped free of moss and lichen growth in preparation for the flowering of the coffee blossoms. When they appeared, an aroma sweet and heavy settled over the entire valley. The groves were beautiful as the branches dropped beneath the weight of the delicate, white flowers. The blossoms withered and dropped to the ground within a few days.

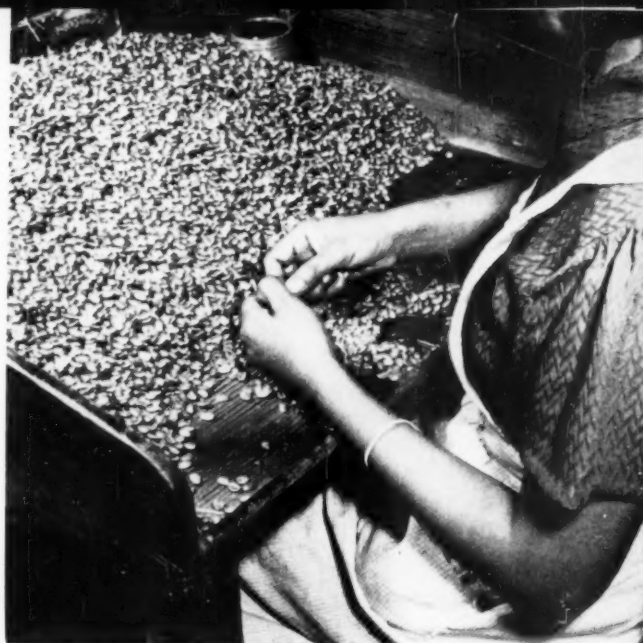
Eight months had passed since the flowering, and the



Clusters of coffee cherries hug the branch. Fruit resembles cranberry in size and color

coffee fruit was ripening on the limbs. The cherries grew in clusters, gradually turning from green to deep red in color. Don Pablo permitted the cherries to reach their deepest redness before picking them.

Everybody joined in the task of selective picking. The neighbors aided the Martinez family, as Don Pablo's family would help them in turn. Each picker worked with a light straw-plaited basket to carry the ripened cherries. When it was filled, it was dumped into a large concrete vat filled with fresh water. As the clean berries



Colombia takes pride in quality control at every stage of coffee processing, from washing and drying to final shipment

flowed into a depulping machine, Colombia's famed "washed" coffee process began. A small gasoline engine turned a drum which gently squashed the pulpy fruit away from the coffee beans. When the beans emerged from the depulper, they were still covered with a sticky coating of flesh. The beans were then carried to a deep fermentation tank filled with fresh spring water. The coffee was allowed to soak from twelve to twenty hours to remove the sticky flesh.

The next morning, the beans were removed from the vat and dumped into a long concrete sluiceway. A pipe from the spring fed a constant stream of fresh water into the canal and the beans were stirred constantly.

Now the coffee was ready for drying. It was still in its parchment covering and was called, at this stage, *café pergamino*. The coffee was spread thinly over the concrete patio in front of the house. The sun would do the work now. They had only to turn the coffee occasionally so that the beans would dry evenly.

Once this job had been accomplished, the coffee was ready for sale to any one of the exporters who roamed the region buying coffee. The beans would be picked up and the parchment removed before shipment to the consuming centers.

Seventeen-year-old Dionisio was ready to leave his home for the agricultural school at Chinchina and one and a half years of study. It was an honor to be chosen to attend Chinchina, for he would return knowing the most modern techniques of scientific coffee-growing.

Other students had already arrived when Dionisio reached Chinchina. The new class had met the teacher who would guide them through the term of study. His name was Francisco Prieto, and he had studied agricultural science in the United States. He wore thick glasses and the boys immediately nicknamed him "La Lechuga," the Owl.

Dionisio was assigned with eight other boys to classes

which were held in the early evening. During the day the students, armed with hoes, machetes, or brush hooks, worked on the dozens of experimental coffee plots maintained by the school.

On the experimental acres there were trees growing without shade and an area where four small trees sprang from one hole. There were trees which were allowed to grow without pruning. In adjoining plots the Federation's scientists studied the growing methods popular in Guatemala, Brazil, El Salvador, Mexico, Costa Rica, India, and Africa. Other plots gave evidence of the reaction of coffee trees to different types of fertilizers. There were trees studied for their heavy production and others for lack of production. The complete history of thousands of trees was catalogued by the Center's scientists.

Some of the trees, Dionisio noted, were infected with rust or molds, while insects and borers lived on the fruit and flowers of others. La Lechuza told him they had been purposely infected, so that rapid and efficient cures could be determined.

Once a week the boys attended a lecture given by Chinchina's director, Dr. Ramón Mejía-Franco, a scientist of international fame. Dr. Mejía-Franco discussed the types of coffee grown by the producing countries of the world. One day he pointed out the dangerous potential of hasty, unverified conclusions. He explained how some years before a group of Federation scientists had developed a hybrid seed that during the first five years gave astonishing results. But by the time the trees were twelve years old, the deceptively handsome branches were producing nothing at all. No one knew why, Dr. Mejía-Franco said, but the search continued.

In the afternoons the students worked on progressive plots representing the life span of a coffee tree. Under La Lechuza's sharp eye, they engaged in every aspect of producing coffee from the time the seed was planted in the nursery until a fully mature six-year-old tree was yielding and the crop was prepared for shipment to market.

Dionisio discovered that much of what he had learned

from his father was done without his knowing why. La Lechuza and the professors continually insisted the students learn the theory behind the popular practices. This was true of cultivating, pruning, and, particularly, shading. Shading, La Lechuza pointed out, not only protects the beans from the sun but prevents deterioration of the soil.

Dionisio spent a week learning to attend wounded trees and determining the injuries that a tree suffered from accident or disease. He learned, too, the ratios scientists apply to injured trees: whether it was more profitable to uproot and replant or whether the wound would disappear and the tree bear profitably before a new tree could come into production.

The preparation of coffee for market was made as important to the students as growing or cultivating. Adjacent to the school, the Federation operated equipment for this aspect of the coffee business. When the grove to which Dionisio was assigned produced ripe fruit, the crop was picked and washed and dried in much the same way as Dionisio had done on his father's farm.

Then the students set out for the mill to observe the first step in removing the thin membrane—*pergamino*—which covered the beans. The mill, called a *trilladora*, was a large concrete building roofed with corrugated iron from which a tall chimney jutted.

Inside, the hulling machines worked on the principle of rubbing the beans between a revolving inner cylinder and an outer covering of woven wire. Whirling exhaust fans drew the loosened parchment from the machine and up the chimney. Sometimes the *pergamino* is removed by friction to meet the demand for polished coffee beans. As the covering is rubbed off the bean attains a rich bright luster. These beans bring premium prices in England and Germany.

Once the beans were rid of their coverings, they were ready to be graded for size, weight, and shape. This step can determine to a large extent the coffee's reception on the market. The beans were poured into a huge machine able to grade a ton of coffee each hour. They were carried along a series of sieves, each with per-

Students at Federation of Coffee Growers' school at Chinchina plan day's field work with their teacher



forations of a different size. Each bean dropped through a hole corresponding to its own dimensions.

To maintain the quality of coffee slated for export, the contents of every bag are examined at the *trilladora*. The beans are poured out on a broad, endless belt, which moves slowly in front of carefully trained, sharp-eyed women. As the coffee passes them, their fingers move across the beans with amazing speed, picking out the unripe or discolored beans as well as the other odds and ends which the machines missed.

The cleaned coffee falls from the belt into bags which are checked for weight and grade before being sent to the exporting center. However, before the coffee leaves the *trilladora*, it is given a final examination by an inspector who is assigned to every large preparation center by the Federation. Coffee destined for export is collected at the preparation centers in lots of 250 bags. Their contents are mixed to an absolute uniformity and a sample of the complete lot is taken and dispatched to the Federation's local office. The facts are catalogued so that the Federation has specific information on every lot of coffee sold to foreign markets.

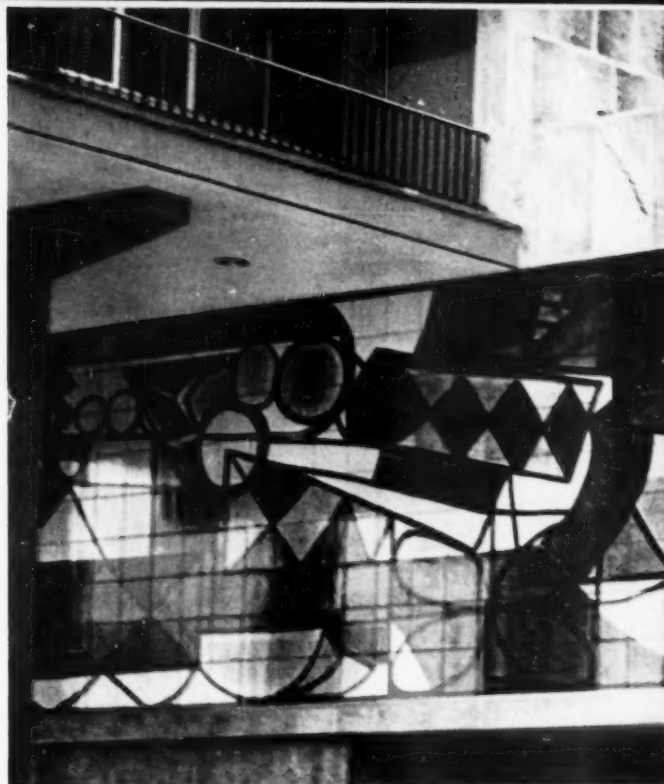
The emphasis on quality control, Dionisio learned in his year and a half at Chinchina, was only one reason for the success of Colombia's coffee on world markets. Proper cultivation and processing techniques were equally vital. At the school, these techniques were elaborated and each student left Chinchina to return to his father's *finca* with the knowledge of the fundamentals of proper coffee culture. As the graduates till old farms or open new lands for themselves, Colombia's coffee industry profits.

Today, there are 397,083 coffee *fincas* in Colombia. Eighty-seven per cent are owned by single families cultivating fewer than five thousand acres. About 11 per cent of the *fincas* have between five and twenty thousand trees, while one-fifth of 1 per cent of the *fincas* harvest from more than a hundred thousand trees. Only 5 per cent of the capital invested in Colombia's coffee industry is foreign-owned.

"In Colombia," it is said, "everyone is a coffee man until proven otherwise." There are, of course, Colombians who do not grow coffee. Yet nearly all of Colombia's twelve and a half million inhabitants are affected by coffee sales abroad, which in 1953 represented 95 per cent of the value of all Colombia's exports.

In response to the demand for its high-quality coffee, Colombia's production has increased over 1,200 per cent in the past fifty years. Between 85 and 90 per cent of its coffees are marketed in the United States. As a result of the enormous rise in production, Colombia is the world's largest producer of "mild" coffee and, next to Brazil, the second largest producer of all coffee. The harvest of 1953, which totaled over seven million bags, represented about 21 per cent of all the coffee raised in the world.

The lot of the small Colombian coffee farmer, in the main, is unenviable, for coffee is a ruthless taskmaster and demands continual labor. Yet the tens of thousands of small growers did more to develop the industry than any other group of producers. ♦ ♦ ♦



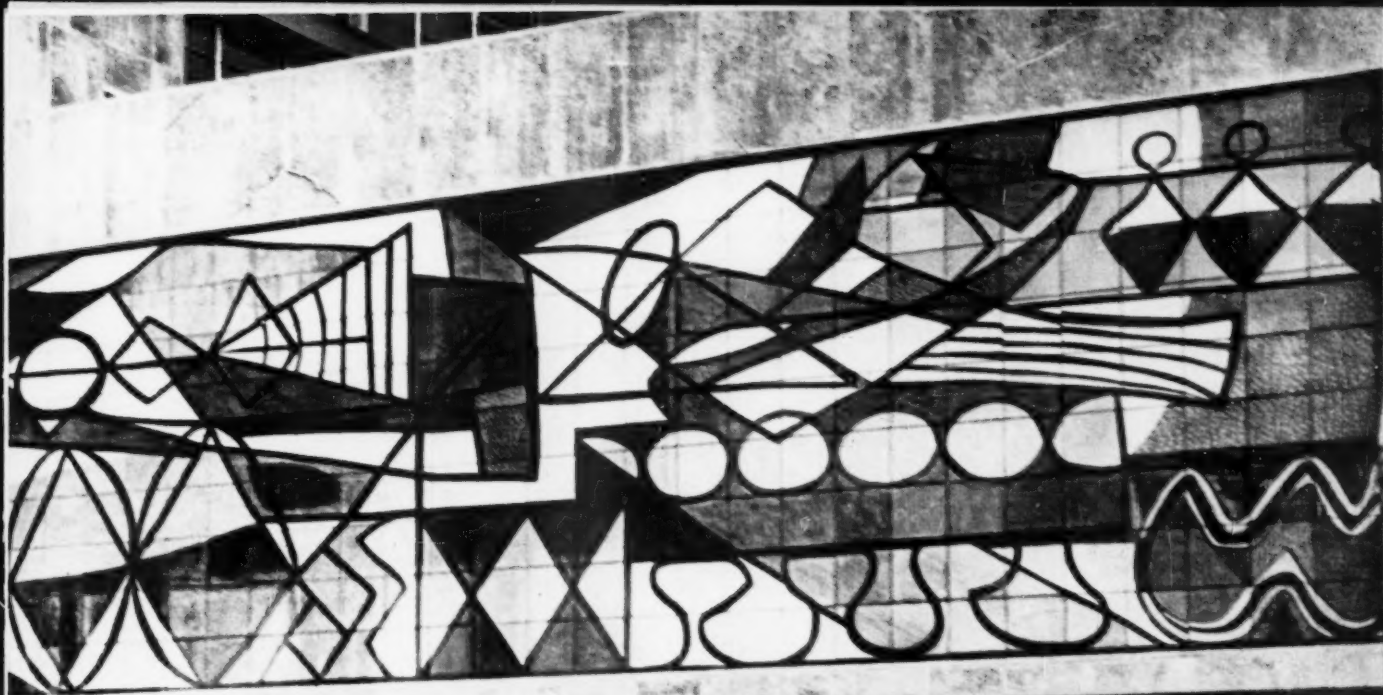
Amelia Peláez

José Gómez-Sicre

AMONG THE NEW BUILDINGS for the various government ministries going up in Havana's civic center is a magnificent structure housing the National Accounting Office. One wall is covered with a sixty-five-foot mural in brightly colored tile, conceived in vigorous abstract forms interwoven in an exuberant tropical design. This colorful decoration is the work of Amelia Peláez, a sweet, simple, affable lady who has lived for many years in the district known as La Víbora, one of the few provincial sections of the city.

The artist's home, named "Villa Carmela" for its owner, Amelia's mother, was built in 1912, and exhibits all the characteristics of serene living that have been disappearing from the rest of Havana. A wrought-iron railing and two small flower beds separate it from the sidewalk. The porch, homey with rocking chairs, is about four feet above street level, and columns support its roof. In the living room, corner cupboards hold small porcelain objects, and some of the painter's early canvases adorn the walls.

Paintings by Amelia, of various periods, also hang in the central hallway, the dining room, and the library.



Bright tile mural completed by Amelia Peláez in 1953 adorns Tribunal de Cuentas (National Accounting Office) in Havana

MODERN BAROQUE

THE MODEST LIFE OF ONE OF CUBA'S FOREMOST PAINTERS

The house, neat and resplendent in fresh whitewash, cared for with the devotion the old Cuban families lavished on their homes, ends in a broad sweep of patio filled with bird cages and tropical plants. Adjoining this shady retreat and partly hidden by the foliage is a small pavilion that Amelia uses as her workshop. There, during the last twenty years, she has created her best work, which is among the most outstanding painting Cuba has so far produced.

Amelia Peláez was born in Yaguajay, a town in the province of Las Villas, in 1897, when the war for independence had been under way for two years. Her father, Manuel Peláez y Laredo, was a country doctor. Her mother, Doña Carmela del Casal y de la Lastra, was the sister of the poet Julián del Casal, one of the precursors of modernism in Spanish American literature. Doña Carmela had received her early education at the Visitation Academy in Mobile, Alabama, and in turn served as the first teacher for her nine children. Amelia showed a bent for art as a small child, and at about fifteen she began to take lessons from a friend of the family, Doña Magdalena Peñarredonda, a painting teacher who had participated actively in the independence movement.

In 1916 the family moved to Havana. The only center of art training there at that time was the San Alejandro Academy, which was completely dominated by nineteenth-century Spanish academic dogmas. Amelia entered the Academy that very year, and in 1918 began to attend the color classes of Leopoldo Romañach, a competent painter who at least tolerated the existence of other movements divorced from the romantic realism he himself represented.

Although Amelia became one of Romañach's outstanding students, she was aware that new artistic ideas were germinating in other parts of the world. Her desire to see examples of the new art at first hand took her to New York during the vacation period in 1924. There she registered in a summer course at the Art Students' League with Professor George C. Bridgman. At the League she learned nothing that was not taught in the Havana Academy. What's more, her curiosity about the new works remained unsatisfied. The art circles of New York were deserted in July and August. The few commercial galleries were closed; the Metropolitan, the only important museum, held no wealth of modern art in those days; and, after eleven years, there was still no public response

to the clarion call sounded by the revolutionary Armory Show in 1913.

Amelia returned to Havana convinced that she must see the new things being done in contemporary art. Finally, in 1927, she won a Cuban Government scholarship to study in France. In Paris, none of the modern masters as yet had students or even admitted apprentices to their studios. This difficulty did not lessen Amelia's devotion to her work, and she attended the free sessions of drawing with a model at the Grande Chaumière every day, learning to free her line, to make it more fluid and spontaneous.

She rejected the kind of dictated teaching offered by artists like André Lhote and Amedée Ozenfant, with their routine methods for producing the new art. She wanted to acquire a broad, free technical knowledge, not a system for learning to paint just like one's teachers. Therefore, when the Académie Moderne opened in Paris in 1930, she signed up, not for the painting courses but for the classes in scene designing and color dynamics given by the Russian Alexandra Exter. From this hard-working artist, known only for her stage settings, Amelia received the technical foundation on which to build her own pictorial expression.

All her free time was devoted to painting. Various influences left their mark, and today, looking over some of those works, Amelia proudly and humbly and with characteristic sincerity recognizes their spiritual paternity. The human forms in these pictures suggest Modigliani in the lengthening of faces and necks. Sometimes the canvases are laid out in flat, neat zones of color, at other times a paste of deep, dense tones is smeared on vigorously with the spatula, in the manner of Soutine. The still lifes are schematic, essential, with the strict cleanness of Braque in some of their elements, yet without adopting the language of cubism.

Although Madame Exter initiated Amelia into the secrets of color in action, of contrasting tones vibrating in space, few of her oils dating from this Parisian period show the intensity of color that has characterized her later work, done in Cuba. In her French canvases, grays, Prussian blue, ochres, whites, and somber greens predominate.

Amelia Peláez reached Paris at a crucial moment in European painting. By cultural analogy or affinity of temperament, she felt attracted to the two great Spanish masters, Picasso and Juan Gris. Not that she immediately began to paint in their styles; on the contrary, her care to avoid the formulas of others restrained her admiration. As an exercise she tried her hand at small sober cubist drawings to which she attached papers and playing cards, creating an interesting series of modest collages which she still has but has never shown in public.

Amelia did not limit herself to the boundaries of cubism or modern French art. The fact that she was already thirty when she arrived at what was then the capital of the art world kept her from being overwhelmed or falling into the intransigent orthodoxy frequently adopted by young people who go to Paris to study art. Quite the opposite—her intention was to learn to paint



Amelia's favorite relaxation is caring for her many plants and caged birds

anew and forget the Havana Academy. She had no desire for a new academicism disguised as radicalism.

In addition to the classes with Madame Exter, she regularly attended drawing and art history sessions at the school of the Louvre Museum. She never lost her love for the great masters of the past. Her interest in the Spanish school took her to Madrid on a short vacation to admire the Velázquez paintings in the Prado. El Greco attracted her so strongly that she decided to travel to Budapest to see his famous canvases in the old Nemes collection.

Interested in Gothic architecture, she visited Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Czechoslovakia. She enjoyed Rembrandt in the museums of Amsterdam and The Hague and sought out the works of the Flemish primitives in Bruges and Antwerp. She did not want to miss a single contact with the great things man had done until then in the visual arts.

Her frequent trips around Europe did not prevent her from continuing her own work, and in the spring of 1933 she displayed thirty-four oils and three gouaches at the Zak Gallery in Paris. The French writer Francis de Miomandre wrote the introductory note in the catalogue, which was full of the high-flown phrases so frequent in French art criticism. He mentioned "flowers petrified at the moment of their sunniest bloom" and ended by describing Amelia's work as "a closed, complete world, haunted by an enigmatic silence." All the critics wrote lyrical praises. *Le Rempart* reported: "These long-meditated and spontaneously hatched canvases bespeak a very unusual inner life and painter's sensuality." The critic of *Beaux Arts* found "a somewhat enigmatic universe" in her painting. André Salmon considered her "a painter who, in her first attempt, placed herself in the ranks of those who must be followed," and concluded that "her

coloring, her handling of tones, is hers alone." Not to be outdone, the columnist of *Germinal* declared: "It makes one think more of an echo come to us from the depths of time, heavy with dreams and in the semblance of a woman, a landscape, or a disturbing flower." With these and many more notices, the artist considered her exhibition a real success, according to French standards.

In the middle of 1934, Amelia returned to Havana. The country was going through an economic and political crisis following the dictatorship of Gerardo Machado. The intellectuals, involved in political matters, had little time for art. The masses were even less interested. The modern art movement on the island was still in an embryonic state. Victor Manuel, Antonio Gattorno, Eduardo Abela, and Carlos Enriquez, who had returned from Europe a few years before, fought against lack of understanding. Wilfredo Lam was still in Spain, following the official style of the peninsula. Mario Carreño, also in Madrid, was taking the first steps toward liberation of forms, dividing his time between illustration, decoration, and pure creation. Other artists later recognized as founders of the new Cuban painting—René Portocarrero, Felipe Orlando, Luis Martínez Pedro, and Cundo Bermúdez—were just beginning their first attempts at a liberated art. The solitary and rebellious Fidelio Ponce had not yet given his Hispanic forms the milky and unearthly hue that later made him famous.

As a former scholarship-holder, Amelia Peláez felt obliged to show some of the works she had brought back from Paris. She presented them in a show at the Lyceum Society in Havana early in 1935—an exhibit that passed almost unnoticed. The silence and indifference made her a recluse in her workshop. She decided to shut herself up in the back patio of her old house and begin to paint her own surroundings. This led to her most significant work.

In 1935 she sent an entry to the First National Salon and won a prize for a magnificent oil that was bought by the government. Three years later she competed again in the Second Salon, but, noting certain irregularities in the judging, she rejected a small award offered to appease

her. Once again she submerged herself in silence for several years.

Sometimes Amelia devotes herself to a single medium and touches nothing else until she has exhausted all its technical possibilities. In 1935 and 1936 she concentrated strictly on drawing, producing an important series of pencil works, including *The Card Players*, now in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. For two brief periods she put down the lead pencil to execute fresco decorations on school buildings in Santa Clara and Havana. Unfortunately, these murals, along with others by several other Cuban painters, were later destroyed out of ignorance. Amelia went back to drawing during a long stay in California in 1940. That same year extensive space was given to her work in a show of Cuban art at the University of Havana.

When she returned from the United States she began to vary her work and build her compositions with a more intricate and, if possible, more tropical vision, worked out in fruitful seclusion within her home. In this voluntary confinement, she analyzes the subjects round about her with the feminine dedication of an embroiderer. What at first sight might seem, because of its baroque quality, an evasion of the objective is actually a careful transposition of domestic objects in a universal language. The surroundings in which she lives penetrate her studio. The columns of the porch lend their capitals to many of her compositions. The outlines of the roof, the iron railing, and the garden plants are all mixed in with the solid, monumental-looking women and the Cuban fruits that form the center of her still lifes.

Amelia's work has undergone a gradual change. Without departing from her constant idea, she has attained an artistic language of her own. When she came back from Europe her still lifes were centered on one isolated element that dominated the whole picture, which was subdivided in planes of light. "Everything was built up in thick layers applied directly with the spatula. Into this material she cut cracks to indicate the play of spaces. Colors reached their maximum intensity, without contrast with other tones. The table that held the fruit, seen from above in two dimensions, merged with the background. A basic quietness prevailed, a sort of classicism that might be described as stemming from the most austere period of Juan Gris.

Little by little the tables and fruits began to find a continuation in colonial stained-glass windows, and to these were added embroidered tablecloths, capitals, wickerwork, tufts, and fringes in an infinite interweaving sketched in a continuous line that invaded the whole picture, now widening, then narrowing, leaving zones of solid, brilliant color in a many-colored mosaic. Blue had always dominated her palette; now she used every possible shade of it. The lines, thick or thin, gave the tones unaccustomed brilliance, so that they seem to be stained glass. The effect is of a chunk of tropical vegetation seen through a baroque iron grating with wide black rails. Whether it be stained glass or grating, Amelia Peláez has carried this baroque resolution of the picture space to its highest point.

Amelia decorating pottery she designs and makes herself. From 1950 to 1953 she concentrated almost exclusively on ceramics



For Amelia, painting is a disciplined daily exercise that she performs faithfully while she is in Havana. When she travels abroad to see museums, she says, she cannot even make a sketch. This short, heavy-set little woman, with a kindly and gentle face, brimming with health and simplicity, leads a placid, anti-intellectual life. She shares the house with her mother and two sisters, like herself unmarried.

In her room, which opens on the central corridor, there is an old iron bed and a very high wardrobe that she bought from a collector of antiques. The baroque cornice of the wardrobe also finds its way into her pictures. The cleanliness and austerity of the whitewashed, bare-walled room give it a monastic air. Amelia gets up almost at dawn and goes to the patio. There she spends some time tending her plants, which she treats with a certain human familiarity. One day she showed me a broad-leafed arum. "This one seemed rather neurasthenic a few days ago," she explained. "I dug it up and found some parasites were attacking it." She continued with complaints about assorted tropical pests.

After pruning, watering, and moving her plants, Amelia devotes a little time to her birds. She has a fine collection of parakeets of various colors, which she breeds in large cages hanging from the wall. In the central cage she has little finches, cardinals, and mockingbirds, and until recently she had a beautiful troupial that someone brought her from Venezuela.

These chores accomplished, the painter buries herself in her clean, bright, orderly workshop. There she stays until lunchtime. Afterward she rests a while and then returns to the easel or drawing board until late afternoon. After dinner, during the school year, she teaches drawing at a night school, as she has been doing for nine years. When she gets home she listens to the radio and, in the baseball season, carefully follows all the games. She is an avid fan of the "Almendares" team and knows all the players' names and abilities.

Amelia does not attend intellectual gatherings. Generally she doesn't even appear at exhibits of her work. She expresses no opinions about art and absolutely

refuses to discuss her own work. If someone inquires what she thinks of one of her paintings, she replies: "I painted it but I can't explain it. Let's leave that to the critics."

In 1941 her work was shown for the first time in New York, at the gallery of the magazine *Norte*, which is no longer in existence. The Museum of Modern Art immediately bought one of her oils, and followed with other purchases in 1943 and 1944, bringing its holdings of Peláez works to four. The San Francisco Museum of Art has one of her still lifes, and many private collectors in the United States own oils or gouaches of hers.

In 1946 the artist made a short trip to Mexico to see that country's pre-Columbian and colonial art. This visit, however, left no trace in her work. In the summer of 1949 she went back to Europe and traveled for some time through the Scandinavian countries. Some months before, a successful show of Cuban art had been held at the Stockholm Municipal Museum, and she won the praise of the Swedish critic Ernesto Dethorey.

On that trip, Amelia and I met in Paris. She went every day to the Louvre to see the old masters, especially Titian and Mantegna. She avoided all contact with artists and anyone who might distract her from her museum calls. One night I persuaded her to listen to some popular songs in a night club, and, between commentary and travel observations, she spoke worriedly of her plants and her birds. I was sure that she missed her house, so full of inspirations for art.

From 1950 to 1953 Amelia again devoted herself to a single medium. This time it was ceramics. She did a fresco mural for the Esso building in Havana early in 1951, but the rest of the time all her efforts were devoted to making cups, tall jars, fruit bowls, and receptacles of complex shapes that she designed and decorated herself in a shop in the nearby village of Santiago de las Vegas. There, piece by piece, she made the ceramic mural that adorns the National Accounting Office.

Amelia would set out early in the morning for the factory, and stay there all day. After a little while, her love for animals induced her to rent a small house opposite the shop, where she started raising chickens. Just as at home, she interrupted her work whenever necessary to take care of her birds.

The pottery works is closed now and the artist has gone back to her patio, to her studio surrounded by plants and birds. Those elements, with their intricate forms and radiant color, continue to pass into her work.

The last time I visited her in her home was to ask for information for this article. She was engrossed in her plants. When I tried to call her over to talk about her memories, she said, "Leave me to my plants and my birds and look at the pictures. My life is not the least bit interesting." Then the old lady, Doña Carmela, with her extraordinary lucidity, gave me many of the facts I have used in these notes.

Meanwhile, in the patio, the painter continued to remove whitish grubs from the red flowers of a hibiscus. Inside the studio, the picture on the easel seemed like a mirror that creatively reflected and distorted the background of the house. ♦ ♦ ♦

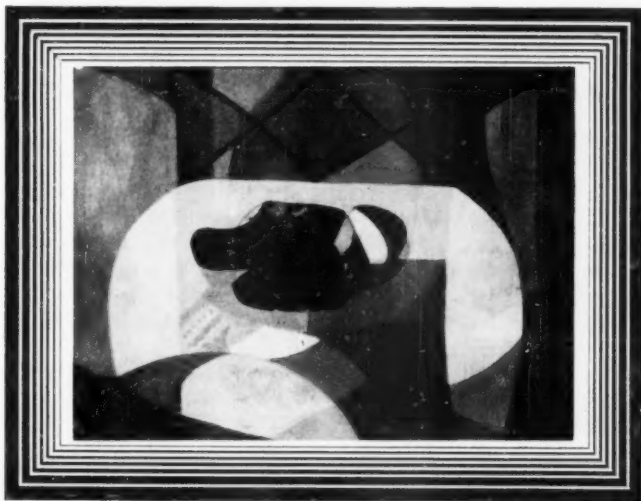
Amelia Peláez with her mother, Doña Carmela, at doorway of their home, which provides many of her artistic motifs



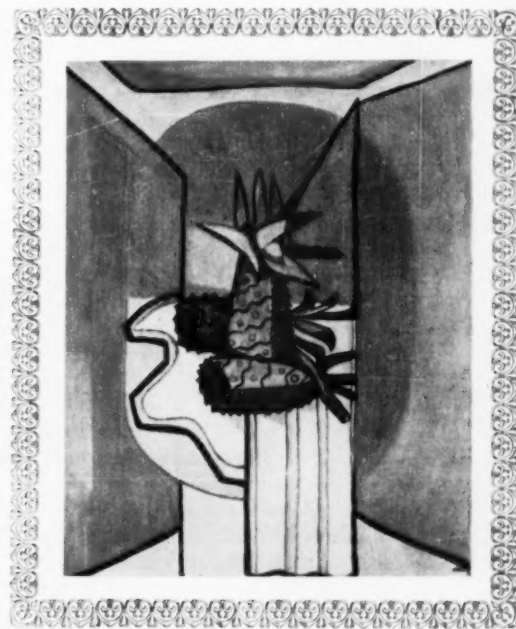


Fishes, 1943, with baroque trimmings drawn from house, hangs in New York Museum of Modern Art

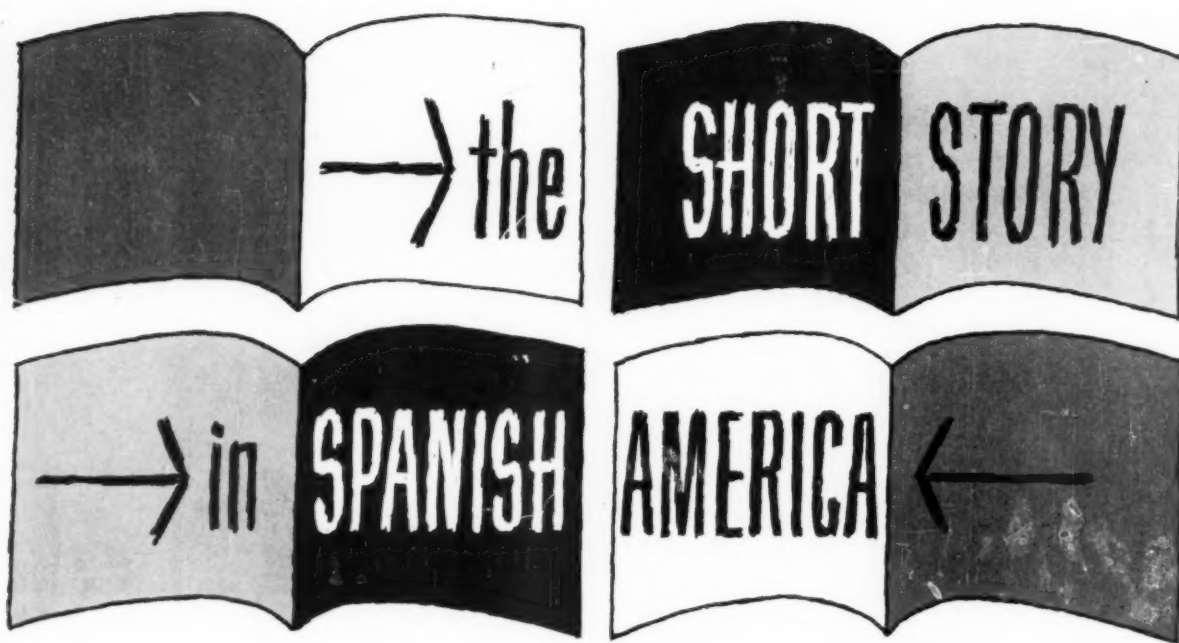
Classical abstract still life, dating from 1935, belongs to Cuban Ministry of Education



Tree, 1924, shows impressionistic style of Amelia's early days at Havana Academy



Pineapples, 1952 gouache, shows return to simpler composition



Salvador Bueno

THE MODERN Spanish American short story has followed two main paths. One group of authors is interested primarily in reflecting the local scene realistically, in bringing into literature the landscape, the social setting, the customs, and the peculiar speech of our common people, with all their regional variations. In general, this group can be classed as *criollista* or nativist. The other main camp is subjective or psychological. Its writers are interested not in describing physical, political, or social conditions, but in dealing with individual human conflicts quite apart from environment.

The Spanish American tale first reached maturity in the work of Horacio Quiroga (1878-1937) of Uruguay. The stories collected in his books *Anaconda*, *El Desierto* (The Desert), and *Cuentos de Amor, de Locura, y de Muerte* (Stories of Love, of Madness, and of Death) reveal a dramatic vision of life and extraordinary imagination. With an insuperable technique derived from Poe, Maupassant, and Kipling, this expert storyteller brings to his pages mysterious, fantastic, or gloomy themes, but he also pictures accurately the grand panorama of the American jungle.

Some of Quiroga's stories are unforgettable. The reader will remember vividly the pages of *Anaconda*, in which the spell of the jungle appears personified in snakes with mysterious impulses. One of his best-known tales is *La Gallina Degollada* (The Beheaded Hen). A couple has had four sons, all idiots. The fifth child, who brings them happiness and hope, is a girl born normal, healthy, and pretty. While the parents are out, the five children remain alone in the house. They have seen how the cook cuts off a chicken's head. When the parents return, they

find the body of their daughter, beheaded by her brothers, in a pool of blood. Such gory endings are common in Quiroga's work.

All this body of writing with a local accent coincided with the rise of the Spanish American novel after 1920; the same aims inspired both. Sometimes the local story, rooted in the earth and its problems, in the American man facing his social, political, and economic situation, took on the character of a social protest, a denunciation of the living conditions of a large part of the Spanish American population. Using native material to defend certain politico-social doctrines, it burst its local bounds and accepted a universal outlook. Nevertheless, we should note that emphasis on propaganda often obscures clear perception of Spanish American life, by accentuating certain aspects and concealing others to support the revolutionary thesis.

Of course, the limitations of this localism raise an obstacle to the universal sweep toward which every artistic creation should strive. The typical linguistic forms, the touches of folklore, require a glossary to be fully understood, and the continual reference to peculiar habits and forms impedes the enjoyment of these stories for readers unfamiliar with those ways of life. Naturally, it is essential to deal with environment and conflicts typical of America, but some writers have attempted merely to mimic that reality.

This first branch of the short story could be studied in terms of the national nuclei, for it evolved in accordance with the special circumstances of each country. True, this nativist writing can also be classified according to subject matter: rural, marine, miners, Indians,

mulattoes. For example, the Argentine writers of this group center their work on the problems of life on the pampas, just as the Chileans use the material of their earthy rural characters, the *huaso* (cowboy) and *roto* (poor farm worker). Many of these stories deal with the sea (Chile, Cuba); others picture the life of the Indian (Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador). In Mexico, the Indian question is mixed into the revolutionary saga. In other words, both local physical environment and special human types determine the line the stories take.

Among the many *criollista* writers of high quality in each country, let us consider a few examples. In Ecuadorean literature, the so-called "Guayaquil Group" has attained special distinction. José de la Cuadra, Enrique Gil Albert, Demetrio Aguilera Malta, hold a high place among present-day short-story writers for their bold dramatic quality and their realism infuriated by a horrendous vision that sees ugliness everywhere, similar to the effect achieved in the novel by their compatriot Jorge Icaza. The literary quality of their stories is excellent, their structure highly original; regional speech is used with moderation.

Two volumes of stories, *Repisas* (Shelves, 1931) and *Horno* (Oven, 1932), clearly demonstrate the personality of José de la Cuadra (1903-1941). He pictures the terrible life of the Ecuadorean *montuvios*—the rural workers who live along the big rivers, exploited by their bosses, dominated by overwhelming misery to the point where they are sinking into a state of complete physical and moral prostration. This author, who also wrote a notable novel, *Las Sangurimas* (1934), gives his works a flexible structure, an inner movement so agile that it revives the tradition of the naturalistic tale characteristic of the last century. Somber pathos, harsh irony, and a tragic atmosphere permeate his stories. And yet such literary dignity is maintained, such extraordinary care is taken, that at times we are struck by the contrast between the dramatic content of the tale and its beautiful wrapping.

The Ecuadorean *montuvio* represents a mixture of various races. José de la Cuadra made a study of him and his problems in a book published in Buenos Aires. But in his fiction he gives him fervid life, full of pathos, with an obscure tenderness, as with Juan, the young protagonist of his story *La Vuelta de la Locura* (The Return of Madness). Juan is in love with the sea and nature and so heedless of material things that his neighbors call him crazy.

Another worthy example is the Chilean storyteller Manuel Rojas, born in 1896. The great variety of his subjects permits him many attitudes and designs. Now a smile appears in his work, now the sentimental tone of *El Vaso de Leche* (The Glass of Milk), now the humorous note of *El Colocolo*. But what makes his work outstanding in books like *Hombres del Sur* (Men of the South, 1926) and *El Delincuente* (The Delinquent, 1929) is his psychological penetration of the common people of Chile, plus a sure technique. Rojas, whose novel *Hijo de Ladrón* (Thief's Son, 1951) was a resounding success in his country, avoids the well-trodden route of the depictees of customs, but thanks to Chilean social conditions, he is

not forced to display the gloomy scenes of the Peruvian and Ecuadorean short stories. There are tenderness and simplicity in his stories, drawn from within these men of the people.

Still another notable *criollista* is the Peruvian José Diez-Canseco (1905-1949), whose stories are collected in one volume entitled *Estampas Mulatas* (Mulatto Sketches). The setting of his tales is the coastal lands and the highlands of Peru, his characters are *zambos* or *cholos*—two types of contrasting appearance and with very different reactions. Diez-Canseco's narrative captures the sensual temperament, the colorful life, the laughter, of those men of the Peruvian coast. In it we find the knavery, the sneer, but also the exhausting, crushing work; the melancholy, the dreamy sentimentalism, the rough irony of these sly country people. José Diez-Canseco was not the narrator of the whole Peruvian scene, but rather the fine and effective observer of one part of the population: the *zambo*, the mulatto of the coast.

This Peruvian writer's work is varied and abundant: he was a journalist, a humorous poet, a lecturer, and a narrator with excellent style. "He spent his life making love to his city," said César Miró, and *limeñismo* is fundamental in his stories and vignettes. Characters of his like Santos Rivas and Tumbitos are reflections of a social psychology that lies somewhere between the melan-



cholic and the picaresque. Diez-Canseco displayed a notable ability to create characters well rooted in his native earth.

One of the best Venezuelan short-story writers is undoubtedly Arturo Uslar Pietri. Born in 1906, he has traveled in various countries, has held university professorships, and now occupies one of the highest positions in Venezuelan literary circles. Uslar Pietri has published various volumes of stories: *Barrabás y Otros Relatos* (Barrabás and Other Stories), *Red* (Net), *Treinta Hombres y sus Sombras* (Thirty Men and Their Shadows), and others. Uslar Pietri describes with discernment and skill the simple country folk of Venezuela. With sharp artistic perception he depicts the characteristic plains and the rich, picturesque language of their inhabitants in lively, energetic style. The special atmosphere in these stories soon captivates the reader. Take, for example, the one called *La Misa de Gallo* (The Midnight Mass). The town of Quiripal is celebrating Christmas Eve with singing and dancing. The adobe-and-tile houses, with whitewashed walls and projecting windows, provide the setting for the fiesta. The town vibrates with Christmas songs, and couplets burst forth on all sides. . . . Antonio the cowherd brings news, news for lame Simón,

who some time before had seen his daughter abducted by a local blade. "Say what you have to say and be done with it," blurts out Simón. And we learn that his daughter is back in the village and that he plans to avenge her honor. But he finds her alone, abandoned; in a few brief words he asks her simply to come back home. Such is the story. The brief descriptive sketches of places and the people of Quiripal add to its local-color value.

The Negro and mulatto population, which is considerable in Venezuela and the Antilles, offers abundant material for the storyteller. In Cuba we can identify one group of writers that presents the Negro or mulatto as just one more workman and another, whose members include Rómulo Lachatañaré, Ramón Guirao, and Lydia Cabrera, that deals with African superstitions, legends, and traditions.

Lydia Cabrera has published two books, *Cuentos Negros de Cuba* (Cuban Negro Stories, 1940) and *Por Qué . . .* (Why, 1943), in which she makes excellent literary use of the exuberant mythology of the Yoruba or Lucumi tribe, whose members made up one of the largest groups among the slaves brought to Cuba. But, as the Cuban scholar Fernando Ortiz remarks, "We must not forget that these tales come to the presses as the result of a collaboration—that of Negro folklore and its white translator." These tales open the doors on mysterious worlds wherein we find a gentle mockery, a different manner of interpreting morality, a kind of primeval air.

Many of the stories are true animal fables, in which the tortoise represents wisdom and shrewdness. In others, figures from Yoruba mythology appear, such as "Oshún" and "Ochosi." One of the most delightful legends explains the virtues of the *dagame*, a very common tree in Cuba. "Bondó-nené" was a very handsome boy, and all the women adored him even as a child. As he grew up, he won the love of all the girls for his gallantry and personal appeal. The men of the tribe decided to kill him. No spell could destroy so beautiful a creature. Neither "Kolofo," a fantastic animal, nor witchcraft, "Uemba," could finish him off. So they took him to the *dagame* tree in which his own life was enclosed and made him chop it down. When the tree fell at his side, the young gallant fell dead also. "Today," the story ends, "childless women go to ask the *dagame* tree to make them fruitful. It is said that Bondó always accommodates them. . . ."

But let us move on to the other main stream of the Spanish American short story today. The stories of the subjective or psychological group are of a universal nature, in that they could take place anywhere in the world, although the characters permit the reader to catch a glimpse of shades and variations peculiar to the people of these lands. Sometimes they move toward the realm of anguish, so common in contemporary literature, or toward the poetic, full of imagination and closely connected with the dominant tendencies in art today—sur-realism, expressionism, and so on.

To find the origins of these groups, we may note their reminiscent, poetic character, derived from the reading of Rabindranath Tagore, Marcel Proust, or Virginia

Woolf; their desperate and anguished mood à la Franz Kafka; or the influence of the existentialist literature of Jean Paul Sartre. As a result, there is room within this current for many types of stories: poetic, fantastic-imaginative, psychological, existentialist, even humorous tales and detective stories, which are growing more and more abundant.

Argentina has a notable team of storytellers of this school. Let us start with the essayist and fiction writer Eduardo Mallea. His first volume of stories, *Cuentos para una Inglesa Desesperada* (Stories for a Desperate Englishwoman), was published in 1926; another, *La Ciudad Junto al Río Inmóvil* (The City Beside the Motionless River), appeared ten years later. The first collection, obeying the avant-garde canons of its decade, specializes in verbal and emotional pirouettes. There are girls with exotic names—Arabella, Neel, Cynthia, Georgia—in delicately skeptical, elegant, esthetic tales. The stories in *La Ciudad Junto al Río Inmóvil* are full of taciturn, introspective characters; into their complex subjective minds Mallea dives with the precision and sharpness of a psychologist. They are admonitory stories, preoccupied with the Argentine nation, dense in their motivations, outstanding for their exemplary style and their extreme vigor. As in the other volume, the feminine characters are the most interesting; a good example is Ana Borel, with her lean figure, her secret air, her contained ardor, silent and preoccupied. Mallea's narrative work is just as important as his well-known essays—*Historia de una Pasión Argentina*, *Nocturno Europeo*, and others.

To speak of Jorge Luis Borges amounts to an invitation to penetrate a singular, complex, unexpected world. The richness of his language, his matchless creative ability, the powerful poetic feeling, his capacity for relating apparently unlike, separate elements, surprise the reader. His work is criticized as cold and analytical, as too self-conscious, and yet how much passion, how much anguish, what deep feeling in his stories! *El Jardín de los Senderos que se Bifurcan* (The Garden of the Forked Paths) appeared in 1942, *Ficciones* in 1944, *El Aleph* in 1949, and *La Muerte y la Brújula* (Death and the Compass) in 1951. These stories are pregnant with metaphysical meditations. The fantastic-imaginative element that predominates is just one factor interwoven with Borges' substantial poetic invention, in which the fable-spinning takes various forms—the metaphysical tale, the detective story, or a typical slice of Buenos Aires life.

It is impossible to summarize the diverse plots and projections that stem from Borges' protean genius. In the story called *La Muerte y la Brújula*, the detective Erik Lönnrot prepares a careful intrigue, of which he himself, in the end, is the victim. Borges makes a display of his unusual erudition and ingenuity in this startling, upsetting tale. No less interesting is *Emma Zunz*, which narrates the vengeance of a woman who, to execute the perfect crime, prepares an extraordinary alibi in which everything is true: "True was the tone of Emma Zunz, true the shame, true the hate. True was the outrage she had suffered; only the circumstances, the hour, and one or two personal names were false." Emma kills

the man who swindled her father, but in such a way that it appears Mr. Lowenthal met his death through the girl's efforts to defend her honor.

Borges' short stories have had a profound influence on today's Spanish American literature. Following him a group of talented Argentine writers—Silvina Bullrich, Adolfo Bioy Casares, José Bianco—cultivate the fantastic-imaginative story. And Borges' contribution as a writer and popularizer of the best detective fiction is also important. In Argentina he, Bioy Casares, and Manuel Peyrou have all published good whodunits.

As a forerunner of this last development we may recall Alberto Edwards (1874-1932), who published detective stories in imitation of Arthur Conan Doyle under the title *Román Calvo, el Sherlock Holmes Chileno*. Edwards was the author of notable political studies, Minister of Economy, and later Director General of Statistics. Because of the respectability of these positions,



he used a pseudonym, Miguel de Fuenzalida, on his detective stories.

Fuenzalida becomes the "Doctor Watson" to this Spanish American Holmes. Like the London detective, Calvo has his manias. He is a devoted amateur entomologist. Among his adventures there are historical ones—in which he shows that he has his country's past at his fingertips—scientific or macabre fantasies, and, above all, some in which he criticizes incidents and peculiarities of Chilean politics. *Román Calvo* makes use of the same deductive methods as his master, but the political satire—as in *El Secuestro del Candidato* (The Abduction of the Candidate) and *La Secretísima* (The Most Secret Woman)—is something Conan Doyle's Holmes did not go in for. In one of the stories the two characters meet, when Holmes comes to Santiago to solve a case and is helped by his southern colleague. At the end Edwards concludes that each of them is well in his own country: "Sherlock Holmes is fine in London and *Román Calvo* in Santiago." Incomplete documents, absurd disguises, extravagant situations, and curious observations make the Chilean author's character parallel the very popular English creation.

An interesting group of Mexican short-story writers includes, among others, Antonio Mediz Bolio, Andrés Henestrosa, and Ermilo Abreu Gómez. In their poetic stories Indianism attains lyric heights through a gentle, reminiscent manner. But we should also note the impact

produced by the stories of the youthful Juan José Arreola in two recent books, *Varia Invención* and *Confabulario*. Arreola seems to approach the orbit of Jorge Luis Borges; his originality lies in the acuteness of his observations and in the complex inner world he penetrates with "Kafkian" trimmings, his satiric humor, the intellectual tone that sometimes makes these stories seem like essays, and above all, the fresh and rich outpouring of a true narrative creator.

To read Arreola's *Confabulario* is to go from one amazement to another: there is an expert in disintegration who tries to make a camel pass through the eye of a needle, in order that the rich may enter the kingdom of heaven; a judge named MacBride who identifies himself as a rhinoceros but is dominated by his second wife, who feeds him only salads and insipid creams; a curious satire on the railroads in the story *El Guardagujas* (The Switchman), in which subtle humor achieves sensational effects.

Finally, we should point out that the Cuban short story, which until 1940 was completely dominated by realism and localism, began after that to widen its aims and techniques. Certain writers of the so-called second generation of the republic cultivate the fantastic-imaginative story, as Félix Pita Rodríguez does in his poetic tales or Enrique Labrador Ruiz in his *novelines neblinosos* (brief novels wrapped in the mist of their creation). But the interesting thing is that several of these storytellers know how to bring together, artistically, native themes and the most advanced literary techniques. This is true of Alejo Carpentier, whose stories are run through with the radical philosophic concept of time—so much the fashion today—but also contain references to colonial life and traditions and superstitions of the Negro and mulatto population.

Enrique Labrador Ruiz gives proof of the same thing in his "cubiche tales" in *El Gallo en el Espejo* (The Cock in the Mirror). *Cubiche* is a vernacular word meaning "Cuban," "of the country." The tales present the calumnies, rumors, and slander typical of life in a small town. But the author avoids the temptations of *costumbrismo*, the coarseness of the typical. He captures the characters through their dialogues, their voices, their sayings, through the language of popular speech.

I have simply tried to present the principal trends and some of the most representative authors of the present-day Spanish American short story. The diversity of types demonstrates the qualities of a very distinguished group of narrative writers. True, in some of them the influence or imitation of a foreign model is too clearly visible, but undoubtedly the best—and I have mentioned a group of those—demonstrate originality. Through observation of Spanish American reality, of typical subjects, characters, and surroundings, many of these writers, with polished style and technique, have created a world of fiction that interests us not for the picturesque curiosities of its content but for the deep psychological penetration of character and the universal scope of the tales. Along with other literary forms, the short story in Spanish America has won a distinguished position. ● ● ●

a word with

CELESTINO SIENRRA

DURING HIS RECENT business trip to Europe, Celestino Sienrra, president of the Association of Argentine Cooperatives, achieved a success he hadn't anticipated. Instead of spending only two months negotiating trade agreements between his organization and farm cooperatives in the countries he visited (France, Spain, England, Holland, Czechoslovakia, and West Germany), he was so enthusiastically received that he was obliged to spend five. On his way home, he stopped in Washington and visited the Pan American Union. There he talked with OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila and the cooperatives section staff, of which I am a member. Short, bulky, and dynamic, Mr. Sienrra spoke to us with the drama and conviction that have made him a leader in his field.

The fifty-five-year-old Mr. Sienrra went to work for the Association of Argentine Cooperatives in 1922, the year it was established. The association, after more than three decades of defending the interests of the nation's

farmers, now has 250 local affiliates and represents a hundred thousand producers. Its subscribed capital comes to something over forty-eight million Argentine pesos—about two and a half million dollars at the free rate—and in the commercial year 1953-54 it showed earnings of twelve million pesos in transactions totaling nine hundred million. Anxious to extend Argentine cooperative activities from the national to the international sphere, Mr. Sienrra believes that "the world's farmers, organized in cooperatives, can help build markets for their produce and guarantee themselves a fair share of the proceeds by exchanging goods directly."

The Argentine association's financial success, he explained, is due in large part to a program of doing away with middlemen and giving farmers direct control of the processing and distribution of their products. It owns four oil refineries and a flour mill; next year it will start to build an eighty-million-peso retail food market in Buenos Aires. Profits on the sale of crops are invested in these enterprises. Similarly, on the international level, selling between cooperatives would take place without importers. "We're proud of our network of factories and plants," Mr. Sienrra said, "but it didn't come easily. We had to fight for it for years. Just think how it has improved our economic position! For example, the cooperative linseed-oil plant nets the growers nearly 50 per cent more than they used to get for the raw material alone."

Mr. Sienrra, who lives in Buenos Aires with his wife and son, noted that besides his own country only Brazil and Mexico, of all the Latin American nations, have strong farm cooperative movements. "But we want to coordinate these movements wherever they are, weak or strong," he added. "At the Hamburg Cooperative Fair in Germany recently, our Association had an eleven-thousand-square-foot pavilion, the first time a Latin American country had ever been represented at such a gathering in Europe. We are organizing a World Cooperative Congress to be held next year in Argentina. The Europeans I've just visited have already agreed to send delegates. I'm going to be traveling through the Americas before the Congress opens working for the full participation of all of our countries. I hope that each one that has farm cooperatives, however small, will be represented. If we all join forces, we can strip away many of the barriers to international trade today. By getting together and talking things over personally and directly we can eliminate many difficulties between producers and consumers."

To help the hard-working Mr. Sienrra in organizing the proposed Congress—his is a seven-days-a-week job—the PAU cooperatives section has placed at his disposal the experience and contacts it has acquired through its regular programs of technical assistance, seminars, training centers for leaders of the cooperative movement, and publications. It is planning a campaign itinerary for him to follow when he returns to the United States in January, and will also arrange his tour through Mexico and Central and South America as an intermediary between the Association and local cooperatives.—Mario Yuri



picture gallery



... the dubious expression of a generation that finds it hard to appreciate modern esthetics ...



A surprise for the photographer: his lens, influenced perhaps by its surroundings, stylizes its subject into Modigliani forms ...

At one of the art exhibitions held regularly at the Pan American Union, photographer ANIBAL ZORRILLA reversed the usual procedure: instead of focusing on the paintings, he recorded the expressions of the spectators.

... the astonished glance of a spectator interested and intrigued by a new world ...



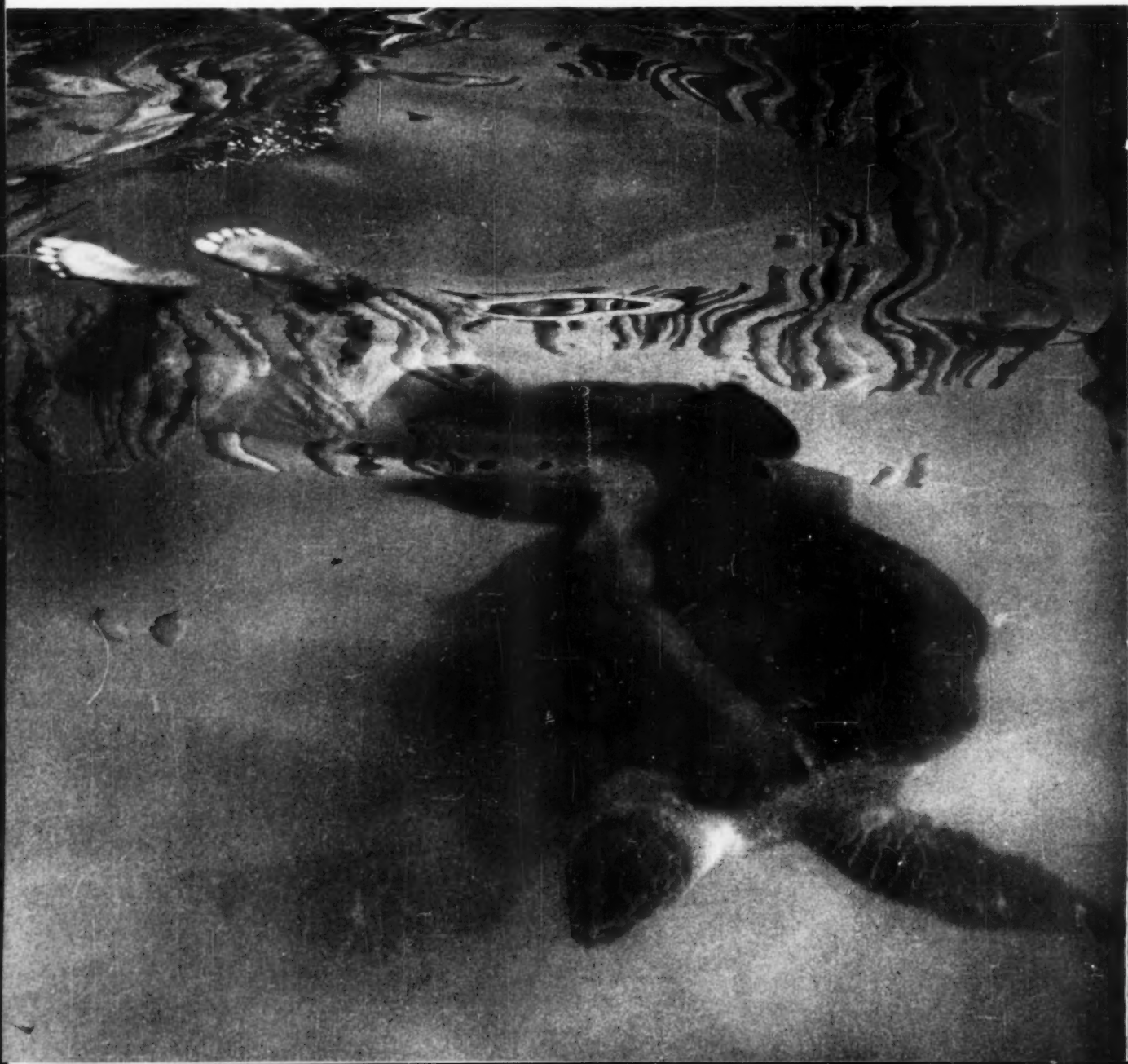
... a group of art-lovers in a pyramidal composition.



Turtles

FOR YOUR TABLE

Off the Isla de Mujeres near the Yucatan coast of Mexico, fisherman dives for big green turtle that will be exported alive





PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT SEVERIN

THE TURTLES that many of us eat as soup or buy in the market as steak live and breed along the shores and on the beaches of the Caribbean from the Yucatan Peninsula down to Costa Rica. Seven Hemisphere nations, from Canada south to Colombia and Brazil, engage in turtle fishing. Mexico and Nicaragua are among the most important producers, which also include Jamaica, the Cayman Islands, Costa Rica, and the British Leewards. In 1953 the United States imported 1,169,617 pounds of live turtles from countries in this Hemisphere valued at \$63,674.

There are three species of these reptiles—the green (of highest export quality), the loggerhead (of inferior quality, eaten mostly by local fishermen), and the hawks-

For bookkeeping purposes fisherman carves initials on shell of turtle he has caught

Turtle boat at anchor off Isla de Mujeres cawl. These enclosures for captured turtles are made of local mahogany





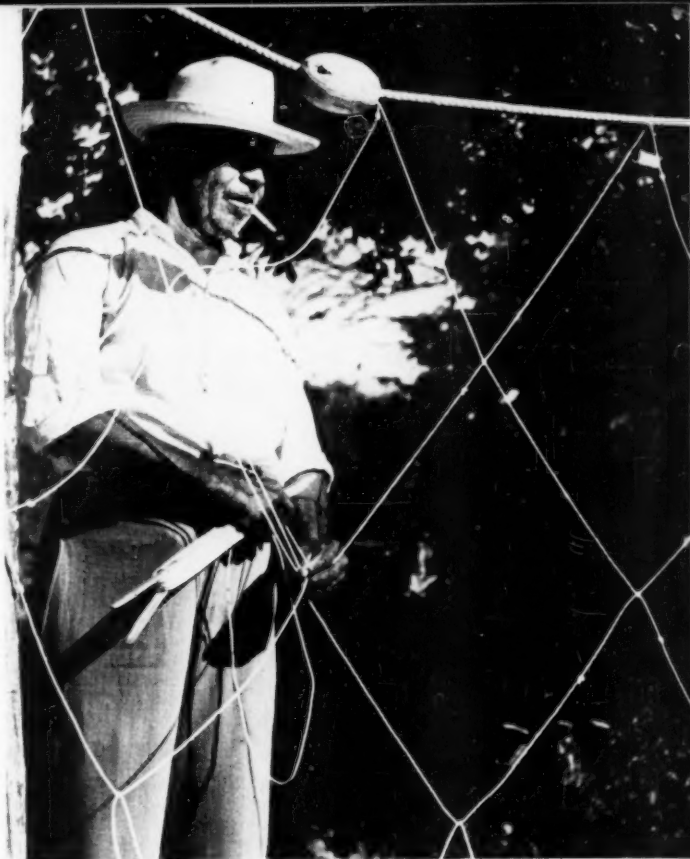
bill (scarce and desirable only on account of its shell). These big sea turtles should not be confused with land and fresh-water turtles or with the terrapins that inhabit shallow salt and brackish waters, estuaries, and swamps. They may reach a maximum size of about four feet in diameter and weight of about five hundred pounds, but catches as large as three hundred pounds are rare. Herbivorous, they favor coasts like those of Nicaragua and Mexico because of the abundant underwater grass, weeds, and algae. Also, the coral reefs protect them from sharks. Once captured, however, they show a definite preference for a fish diet.

Fishermen employ three methods of catching them—by net, by hand, and by "pegging" or spearing them. Because the turtles are exported alive, the first two methods are the most popular, although hunters in isolated places needing the meat for their daily fare do not hesitate to harpoon them. Off the Mexican Isla de Mujeres (Island of Women), the reptiles, which surface frequently for air, can easily be seen in smooth water on calm days; they also betray themselves from a distance of several hundred feet by their sounds of exhaling. When they are located, a large-meshed net is set at a favorable spot to intercept them. Their heads and flippers become entangled, and as they come up for air after a futile struggle they are hauled aboard the fishing boats.

The green turtles' egg-laying period, from April to July, affords the opportunity of catching them by hand. Perhaps two or three times during the season the female leaves the water to deposit her eggs on the sandy beach—sometimes a hundred or more about the size of ping-pong balls, though loggerheads lay anywhere from fifty to a thousand apiece. With her flippers she scoops a hole twelve to eighteen inches deep, and after dropping in her precious burden, she replaces the sand and camouflages the spot by crawling over it. At this time she can easily be subdued by the fishermen, who wrestle her on her back rendering her completely helpless. Like the netted turtles, she is then placed in a crawl—on the Isla de Mujeres the enclosures are made of mahogany—and eventually transported alive to the United States, usually to the port of Tampa, Florida, whence she is shipped to such distributors as the Fulton Market in New York City. After slaughter, her meat is the principal ingredient of rich and delicious soups and savory stews, and the fillets provide tender and succulent steaks. Her eggs, too, are considered a great gourmet delicacy. When white, or mature, they sell more cheaply than those that are yellow, or immature.

Occasionally, on account of sickness or some other defect, some live turtles are turned back to the sea after reaching Tampa. Those that are lucky enough to escape and survive display an astonishing homing instinct. Initialed for accounting purposes by the Mexican fishermen who caught them, they have been known to swim the 1,100 miles from Florida waters to the Isla de Mujeres, where they have been identified after once again resuming turtle housekeeping. ♦ ♦ ♦

Diver brings turtle to surface for close-up. Of the six Latin American countries engaged in sea turtle fishing, Mexico was largest exporter in 1953



New nets are in constant demand on the Yucatan island. They have a fifteen- to seventeen-inch-square mesh

Female turtle is surprised on beach and turned on her back after laying eggs that look like ping-pong balls in sandy hole



oas

FOTO FLASHES



During a visit to Washington, Dean Carl Ackerman of the Columbia University School of Journalism called on OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila at the Pan American Union. Dr. Dávila was the principal speaker when Columbia presented this year's Maria Moors Cabot Prizes, awarded annually to Hemisphere journalists and the publications they represent for "outstanding contributions to understanding among the nations of the Americas."



On his recent swing through South America, U. S. Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs Henry F. Holland (center) met with four Colombian heads of state at a luncheon given by Conservative President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla (second from right) at the San Carlos Palace in Bogotá. The three former Liberal presidents on hand were (from left) Dr. Dario Echandia, Dr. Eduardo Santos, and Dr. Alfonso Lopez.

Ambassador José R. Chiriboga of Ecuador, Vice Chairman of the OAS Council, examines the newly hung portrait by his compatriot Luis Crespo of former OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras in the Columbus Room at the Pan American Union. The portrait was commissioned by the OAS Council during the Tenth Inter-American Conference at Caracas. Mr. Crespo, who studied painting in Europe for ten years under three scholarships, was chosen to do the portrait by a special committee appointed by the Council to consider the work of a number of artists.



El Salvador became the first Hemisphere country to deposit the instruments of ratification of the conventions on diplomatic and territorial asylum—both drawn up at the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas last March—when its Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, Dr. Hector David Castro, Chairman of the OAS Council, signed the necessary documents at the Pan American Union recently. The first provides that an embassy may grant asylum to political refugees and that the country in which it is located must give safe conduct abroad; the second authorizes states to receive the politically persecuted, with no obligation of surrender. Looking on were (from left) OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Dr. Manuel Canyes of the PAU law and treaties division; and OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila.



In Washington for the annual meeting of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and of the International Monetary Fund, the ministers of finance of several American countries were honored at an informal luncheon given by OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila (third from left) on the terrace of his residence at the Pan American Union. The guests were (from left) Dr. Marco Antonio Batres, Honduras; OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil; Dr. Eugênio Gudin, Brazil; Dr. Antonio Carrillo Flores, Mexico; Dr. Rafael Meza Ayau, El Salvador; Dr. Raúl Prebisch, Executive Secretary of the UN Economic Commission for Latin America; and Dr. Jorge Rossi, Costa Rica.



The Lesson

Illustrations by Gil Walker



Enrique Anderson Imbert

(Setting: The dining room of a middle-class house in Buenos Aires. In the background, the entrance hall and stairway leading to the second floor are visible through a wide arch. In the middle of the room is a table covered with red velvet and illuminated by a three-globe chandelier. At one side the Mother is knitting in a rocking chair. At the other side the Son—seventeen years old—is studying, seated at a writing desk, reading and taking notes. The sound of footsteps is heard on the stair.)

MOTHER (calmly, without raising her eyes from her knitting): There comes your father.

(The Son quickly closes his book, gathers up his notes, stuffs them in a drawer, then sits down at the table and rests his head on one hand. The father enters, gray-haired, pale, thin, apparently tired. His reddened eyes stare fixedly. He approaches the Son and rumples his hair affectionately.)

SON: Hello, Dad.

FATHER: How goes it?

MOTHER (without looking up from her knitting): Would you like me to make you a cup of coffee?

FATHER: No, thanks. *(He sits down and looks at the floor. Silence.)*

MOTHER: So? Have you been working?

FATHER: Yes, a little.

MOTHER: You see? It's just a question of applying yourself.

FATHER: Aha!

MOTHER: And what did you do?

FATHER: I corrected a few pages.

MOTHER: Very good! You'll see, it'll all come out very well.

FATHER: How can it come out well? It's such a long job. And so difficult. One can never finish.

MOTHER: And why should you hurry? Haste makes waste. The way you're doing, slowly, correcting—

FATHER: Sometimes I ask myself why I go on.

MOTHER: What do you mean, why? It's what you want most.

FATHER: It's just that— I don't know. I want to continue, yes, but I ask myself, "What for?" Or "For whom?" If I had some stimulus—

MOTHER: And haven't you? Of course you have. Your work is going to be important. Isn't it enough to remember that? What more stimulus do you need? No one else could write what you are writing. No one could do it better than you.

FATHER: I don't know. I don't know. Sometimes I think I must finish the book, that I must finish it at any cost. But I don't know. I set out to write convinced that each word will say something. The next day, when I read it over, I don't recognize what I have written. The words have been damaged and begin to give off smoke. I feel seasick, confused. I grope in the dark. But I must repair those defects. I must shut off those escaping vapors. Then I write it all over again.



MOTHER: That's how it must be done. It's not a question of improvising. You can't improvise in such delicate matters. What difference does it make if you take a long time? When it's all finished, you'll see.

FATHER: Sometimes I think of how much is still missing and it frightens me. Imagine. . . . Anything. An accident. In short, something happens, and you can't—And the work remains unfinished. It's terrible just to think of it.

MOTHER: And why think about it? Don't think of it and that'll be the end of it. Think of what you're going to finish. You're going to finish, of course you're going to finish. One page today, another tomorrow. And when you least expect it—

FATHER: Out jumps the hare—or the book, eh? How easy that is to say! But the trouble is, it isn't one page today, another tomorrow. It's always the same page. Or the same pages. You do and you undo. You don't go backwards or forwards.

MOTHER: The subject is very difficult. No one else could do it.

FATHER: It's not so difficult. Or, rather, it shouldn't be so difficult for me. It didn't use to be. Twenty years

of study, twenty years of teaching. . . . The things I have in here (*tapping his forehead*). But they won't come out. It's as if I were inside some other person. It's a nightmare. I can't get out. (*Silence. Suddenly he stands up. His speech, which had been slow and shaky, now, as he becomes excited, prolongs certain sounds as if he could not tie them together, as if he were going to break into stuttering.*) When I lost the manuscript I should have put a bullet through my head.

MOTHER (*calmly*): Good Lord, it wasn't that serious.

FATHER: How can you say that? Does it seem like nothing to you, to lose everything, the manuscript, the notes, everything?

MOTHER: Yes, it was a shame. I'm not denying it. But what will we gain by grieving over it the rest of our lives? It was lost. Be patient! The important thing is that you're well.

FATHER: What I say is, someone must have recovered my brief case when I lost consciousness. Why didn't he return it?

MOTHER: I've already told you many times. When you fainted, they took you off the train, and the brief case remained aboard. Someone must have stolen it.

FATHER: I offered a good reward.

MOTHER: Yes, but much later. When you announced you had lost the brief case, it was too late. Several months had passed. Probably the person who took it didn't bother to look through the newspapers to see if anyone claimed it. But suppose he did go through the lost-and-found columns: he would have done it within the next few days. He wouldn't have gone on searching for so many months. He wasn't honest, no. Otherwise he would have turned it in to the company. It's natural: a good brief case, leather, brand new, well finished, even to the "Made in U.S.A." They stole it from you. Even if the thief had read your notice months later, do you think he would have confessed that he stole it? It would have meant admitting the theft. There's no getting away from that. After so many months he couldn't have used the excuse that he hadn't had time to turn it in to the company. These things are done at once or they aren't done at all. No, it was stolen.

FATHER: Yes, yes. But what did he do with the manuscript? To think that while I'm killing myself trying to reconstruct the book, the original, all finished, is off in some corner being chewed up by rats.

MOTHER: I don't believe it. Why would the thief keep the manuscript?

FATHER: The imbecile!

MOTHER: He would have thought: I'll keep the brief case and destroy the papers: the owner will have another copy.

FATHER: That's the thing. I didn't have another copy. My fault, too! Going around with the only copy. But who would have imagined I would have a fainting spell like that, so suddenly?

MOTHER: There's no reason for being despondent now. What's done is done. I'm sure that now you're writing your book better than before.

FATHER: My mind isn't the way it was before. (*Somberly*) Something tells me I won't finish it. It is a great effort. A great effort. No one knows this but me. And to have to write it alone, without any stimuli. If I were at least giving classes—

MOTHER: What more do you want? You have a pension. You can do what you like. You live peacefully.

FATHER: Don't talk like that. Your tone exasperates me.

MOTHER: All right, all right. I'm sorry.

FATHER: The students made me feel like writing. I looked at their faces, and it was as if I were seeing the face of my book's reading public. While I was giving classes, new ideas, new perspectives kept coming to me. But now! Who am I writing for?

MOTHER: When your book appears, you'll see how they read you. You'll have piles of readers.

FATHER: The students no longer come here.

MOTHER: While you were sick they came, they asked for you. Afterward they visited you. But you know how it is: some move away, others give up the courses. . . . But Palanca always comes to see you. In fact he'll be here tomorrow. Isn't tomorrow Thursday? Yes. Every Thursday, without fail, your friend Palanca comes.

FATHER: What a visit! He sits over there and talks about the weather and the flies. And he looks at me and looks at me, approving everything I say. He irritates me.

MOTHER: He's a good boy.

FATHER: He may be, but he irritates me. Does he think I'm soft in the head? He doesn't talk anything but nonsense. If I talk to him about my subjects, or about what I'm writing, he listens, looks at me, looks away, and doesn't say a word.

MOTHER: He just doesn't want to tire you.

FATHER: As far as I'm concerned, Palanca can stay home. He comes as if he were visiting a hospital patient. Even on a schedule. What I need is to get back to my classes.

MOTHER: You'll go back, of course you will. If not to the university, then to the institute. But you'll go back. Everything in due time. And you have plenty to do here. Your son needs you just as much as the university boys do. Next year he'll enter the university. He needs you. Just a minute ago, before you came downstairs, he was telling me that he wanted you to help him. Son, didn't you have something to ask your father?

SON: Yes, Mother.

FATHER: What is it?

SON: An essay. I have to turn it in day after tomorrow.

FATHER: And you still haven't done it?

SON: No, Dad.

FATHER (*He draws up his chair, sits down, puts his arm around his son's shoulders, and leans affectionately toward him*): Oh, this younger generation! They leave everything to the last minute. Some sweetheart, eh?

SON: No, not that.

FATHER: All right. We'll see. What do you need? You haven't much time left. Day after tomorrow— I suppose you've already studied what you have to say.

SON: I was reading. (*While they are talking the Son avoids the Father's eye.*)

FATHER: Reading what?

SON: An article of yours.

FATHER (*with a gesture of feigned surprise, flattered and at the same time ironic*): Really? So the boy is already reading the father's things. Good, good. And which article did you read?

SON: That one on the Esthetics of Croce.

FATHER: On the Esthetics of Croce? Well—oh, yes. But it is old, very old! I don't even remember what I said any more.

MOTHER: He's been reading it and taking notes. But he says he needs you to explain a few things to him.

FATHER (*smiling, pleased, but obviously eager for more flattery*): Why don't you ask your teacher? He could explain it better than I, couldn't he?

MOTHER: Get on with you. Better than you? You can't ask that teacher anything.

FATHER: Really?

MOTHER: The boy learns much more when you teach him. You've seen the good marks he gets when you help him. Last time, the lesson you gave him on—I forget what—earned him an "Outstanding."

FATHER: I'm glad, I'm glad. You know that any time



I can be of help to you— But I didn't know they taught you those things in high school. They are really subjects for the university. Esthetics . . . the Esthetics of Croce. What course do you have to write that for?

SON: Logic. The teacher didn't tell me to deal with Croce. He just asked me for a few pages on the language of science. But I thought it would be interesting to compare the language of science with that of poetry; and since you have written about that—

FATHER: "The language of science and the language of poetry"! What a subject!

SON: But I don't know how to attack it. I read your article, but there are some things I don't understand.

FATHER: That's natural.

MOTHER: Why don't you help him? Who better than you to teach him that?

FATHER: Do you want me to help you?

SON: Yes, Dad. *(He goes to get a pencil and paper and sits down again, attentively. The Father, with the air of a professor lecturing, begins to speak, but with his first words, his ideas escape him and he raises his hand to his forehead, as if his head were loose.)*

FATHER: Ready? Science and poetry—let me see. Science uses symbols, poetry uses symbols. But—ah! Do you know what symbols are? Symbols are—well, I don't want to be too technical. . . . Man can abstract from his experiences— Wait a minute. Upstairs I have some pages on this. I'm going to read them to you. Because this way, talking—

MOTHER: Of course. It's a very difficult subject.

FATHER: Just a second. I'll be right back. *(He goes excitedly to look for his papers.)*

SON *(dragging the pencil across the table, in a soft voice, almost whispering)*: How long must I keep up this farce, Mom?

MOTHER *(knitting, without looking up)*: If it makes him happy, Son!

SON: But it hurts, Mother. To have to make a fool of myself so he can give me lessons. . . . I don't like to hear him or see him when he's trying to explain something to me. Those red eyes of his get hard. Even though I always ask him about the things he knows best.

MOTHER: Son, son, don't be cruel. He's improved some. That's the important thing. After the attack, he wasn't even coherent. You remember: he couldn't even speak. His tongue was in tatters. He had to retire from the professorship. He'll never be the same again. And if it weren't for that book he says he's writing, and these conversations with you, I don't know, I don't even dare to think—

SON: I know, I know, I understand. But don't you see? He can't even finish a paragraph. Do you think he doesn't realize?

MOTHER: He realizes he's not lucid; but he's not aware of the painful effect. He sees his ideas shrouded in mist; but he believes those ideas have value in themselves, that they exist even though he can't formulate them. . . . *(Footsteps on the stairway) Here he comes. (The son picks up his pencil and once more assumes the air of a student taking dictation.)* ♦ ♦ ♦

points of view



RISE AND FALL OF AN AVENUE

AVENIDA RIO BRANCO, Rio de Janeiro's main downtown artery, is celebrating its golden anniversary this year. Journalist Souza Rocha, describing its birth, growing pains, and adulthood in the weekly magazine *Manchete*, tells how the project was begun on March 3, 1904, by Dr. Lauro Muller, Minister of Communications under President Rodrigues Alves. Neither of these men wanted the avenue to bear his name, so it became Avenida Central, "a modern, wide, straight thoroughfare from the dock area to the business district, providing easy transit for merchandise to and from the ships." In 1912 it was renamed after the noted Brazilian statesman of the time of the Empire.

"That afternoon in 1904 was unusually warm, and the inauguration ceremonies pompous and impressive. . . . The official committee carried on amid piles of bricks and rubbish hidden under garlands and festoons. . . . Beside President Rodrigues Alves and the members of his Cabinet, the handsome figure of Archbishop Arcovover in his purple vestments stood out clearly. . . . Behind them were generals, admirals, high ecclesiastical and civil-

ian dignitaries, and other distinguished guests, among them Machado de Assis [the famous Brazilian novelist]. . . .

"The courageous engineer who took on the difficult job of breaking down the resistance of recalcitrant property owners and adverse public opinion was Paulo de Frontin, a strong-willed city planner with an already well-established reputation. . . . In six short months he cleared up all legal difficulties involving deeds and so on, so that 641 buildings could be razed. . . . The title to the last house, which stubbornly resisted Frontin's progressive pick-axes, could not be cleared until toward the end of August, since it was part of the noted bookdealer Garnier's estate. Seeing it standing there, strong and serene in the midst of so much turmoil, the people of Rio whimsically nicknamed it 'Port Arthur.' . . . Just six months after the work was started, the commission in charge celebrated the Seventh of September [Brazilian Independence Day] by taking some government officials for a streetcar ride along improvised tracks. Throngs of workers stood by and cheered, but, unfortunately, rain turned the future avenue into a sea of mud. . . .

"The first building, officially dedi-

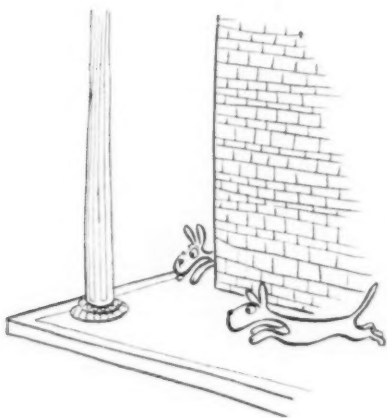
cated by Lauro Muller on March 25, 1905, was No. 144. It still bears the same street number and is now recovering from the scars of a recent fire next door. . . .

"On the morning of November 15 of the same year [anniversary of the Proclamation of the Republic of Brazil], exactly twenty months and seven days after the work was begun, the fabulous avenue was officially dedicated. At ten A.M. sharp, President Rodrigues Alves stepped down from his carriage . . . and cut the green and yellow ribbon . . . under a flag-bedecked arch erected especially for the occasion. . . ." Complete with gun salute, the playing of the national anthem, and a parade, the ceremonies were climaxed by Frontin's presentation of "a lustrous gold medal set with emeralds and diamonds and bearing appropriate inscriptions" to the President.

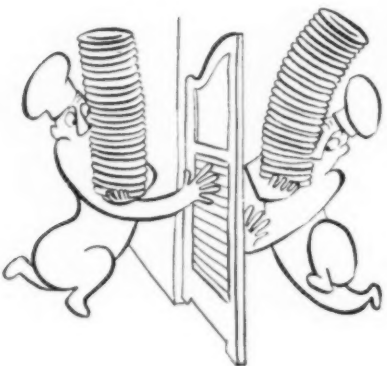
The article continues: "The avenue was . . . asphalt-surfaced, with a single row of brazilwood seedlings down the center. Along the spacious sidewalks there were handsomely wrought gas lamps . . . and, spaced among the trees, tall lamp posts with three electric bulbs in each. . . . Understandably proud of his part in the project, Frontin, with his ever-present umbrella, spent the entire evening riding up and down the Avenue . . . in an elegant open car that had arrived in Rio just the day before.

"Stealing the limelight from Ouvidor Street, which until then had been the most important thoroughfare, the Avenue became the city's nerve center and in the past fifty years has shared in all of Rio's joy and sadness. . . . For more than three decades it was a center of elegance—the city's drawing room, so to speak—but in recent years increasingly heavy traffic has necessitated the removal of the beautiful trees and transformed the street into a sort of speedway for wild taxis and unpredictable buses. Until about 1935, it was prim, graceful, and refined, but after that it began to lose its gentility. Formerly, it had the aroma of expensive perfume and the look of blossoming youth. Now, hemmed in by heavy, unattractive buildings, it smells of grease, oil, and the water shortage. Its sidewalks are a paradise for

lottery-ticket vendors and peddlers of dubious publications 'for men only.' ...The street itself is a slippery, dirty concourse, where pedestrians run for their lives from the notorious cabs and pot-bellied buses that tear along at incredible speeds with little regard for traffic lights or signals."



Coincidences.—Manchete, Rio de Janeiro



THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

IN A RECENT ARTICLE in *Mañana*, weekly magazine published in Mexico City, Antonio Ibarra, one of the editors, presented a detailed analysis of the practical—and, according to him, most dangerous—side of matrimony. The following is a condensation of the author's sage and sardonic remarks on the financial hazards of entering into the state of wedded bliss (the current exchange rate, by the way, is 12.50 pesos to the dollar):

Ah, marriage! Woman's highest ambition and man's greatest fear. Few escape it, for it is the one epidemic that no one ever fights; on the contrary, it is encouraged. The number of marriages has steadily increased, and consequently so have the demands of fashion and society. Naturally, the price of weddings has gone up.

The first cash transaction occurs when the engaged couple have the compulsory blood tests. Of course, they're free at the public-health office, but about two hundred people get married every day in Mexico City. Quite a crowd for one place! However, there are several officially authorized private laboratories where they take about ten cubic centimeters of blood. They use a little for the analysis and sell the rest. This highway robbery costs anywhere from fifteen to fifty pesos per person.

The civil ceremony two weeks later is pretty complicated. The couple must have a license, their parents' permission, the signatures of two witnesses, and their birth certificates, among other things. If they can make it to the office before noon, it's only two pesos. But if they want the judge to come to the bride's home they pay a hundred pesos, and it is discreetly suggested that they give him a "tip" amounting to anything from twenty to a hundred pesos. Also, he brings along an assistant, who gets from ten to twenty pesos.

Next, to the bride's parish church. There, accompanied by two witnesses and their parents, the couple present their baptism and confirmation certificates. They put out another twenty-three pesos. If by chance they want to be married in any other church, it means an extra twenty pesos. The nuptial mass itself runs from a hundred and fifty to a thousand, depending on the elegance of the ceremony and decorations.

In some mysterious way, someone always makes a recording of the music and marriage vows. A few days later this record shows up at the house, for sale at fifty pesos or more.

Heaven only knows how so many businessmen find out about the wedding weeks in advance. They all come to offer their services—furniture makers, real-estate men, florists, photographers, wine salesmen, cooks, ad

infinitem. And the young couple are usually taken in by their palaver.

Most important is the bride's trousseau. There are wedding gowns fit for a queen, but only a king could pay for them. However, she can buy a dress for three hundred pesos and up. Naturally, the lower-priced gowns are rather unassuming, with only a short train and not very high quality material. But, after all, it's only worn once. In the more chic salons, the prices are higher and the service better, but the quality is about the same.

A lace dress—not very good lace, of course—sells for two thousand pesos; the veil, ninety; the little crown or cap that brides wear, ninety; the slippers, eighty; the garments not for public view, two hundred; the incidentals, a hundred seventy-five. Total: 2,635. This outfit is not the best, obviously. Some bridal gowns sell for fifteen or even twenty-two thousand pesos. These cause discreet oooh-ing and aaah-ing among the wedding guests and make wonderful tablecloths afterwards.

This doesn't take into account the bride's bouquet, which costs anywhere from thirty to a hundred and fifty of someone's hard-earned pesos—the price depending on the florist and not on the flowers.

¡Qué artista!

por LANDRU



—¿Los modelos son muy caros?
—No. La mujer es muy celosa.

"Are models that expensive?" "No, but his wife is that jealous."—Continente, Buenos Aires



—¿Qué felices son las mujeres... les preocupa más la línea H que la bomba H...?

"Women are so lucky. They worry more about the H-line than the H-bomb!"
Diario de la Marina, Havana

And let's not forget the groom, who also has to put up a fairly decent appearance at his own wedding. If he wants to go all out—striped trousers and morning coat—he pays about fourteen hundred pesos. If a simple black suit is good enough, five hundred pesos is good enough.

Then, of course, the happy event must be recorded for posterity. Some photographic studios will charge from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pesos for six or eight regular-size pictures and two enlargements, plus a black car to take the bride from her house to the church and the couple from there to the reception. And there are movies too. A four-minute film in black and white costs about three hundred and fifty pesos. A thousand for eight minutes in color!

Now there must be a reception for the guests, some of whom sent gifts with food in mind. A banquet for two hundred can cost between four and ten thousand pesos. If the salon has a foreign name, double the figure. Some people prefer to have the reception at home, and this could cost as much as eight hundred and fifty pesos, not counting food and wines, which would be an additional thirty-five hundred (without champagne). Awful!

The newlyweds are all set for the honeymoon. In Mexico they usually go to Acapulco. By plane, the round trip will cost about four twenty, and the hotels charge anywhere from seventy to a hundred and eighty pesos a day.

A week in that paradise will run around two thousand, over and above travel expenses.

If you think it has been expensive so far, they haven't even set up house-keeping yet. To furnish their little love nest will cost no less than ten thousand. And that isn't all. They have to buy curtains, linens, and so on, running the bill up another two thousand pesos. The bridegroom yells for help. Help!

The budget for a simple, unpretentious wedding, including the aftermath of honeymooning and furnishing the home, will run about 16,233 pesos. And this is only the beginning. Get married and you'll see!

CHILEAN MICKEY MOUSE

IN EVERY COUNTRY there is some caricature that represents the national prototype. *Condorito*, Pepo's brainchild, characterizes the Chilean "roto." Homero Bascuñan has published a delightful essay on *Condorito* in the *Boletín del Instituto Nacional* of Santiago, Chile:

"Creating fictional characters is indisputably more difficult than procreating human offspring. The latter are little more than happenstance occurrences, while the former result from labors executed with discipline, sacrifice, talent, and affection. It's quite true that our creations don't always win the attention of others. . . . Such is life. Not all men are outstanding, nor all women . . . amazing. It's all a question of attractiveness, of . . . personality, of sex appeal, if you wish. In a word, it has to do with attributes abundantly lavished on certain people.

"So it is that not all movie actors can be classified as stars, nor all athletes as champions, nor all adventurers as heroes. Thus life is so full of nullity and mediocrity. And it isn't that we expect pears from the elm tree. . . . Far from it. And perhaps it's better this way. Because a world full of equal capacities and skills could bring much more serious difficulties than those we know and suffer today. We see all around us how men with a talent for power . . . fight among themselves to win it. We also see how scientists, in their desire to be outstanding, invent powerful weapons to blow the world into little pieces, not because they find

it too large but because—paradox of our time!—it's too small for them. Logically, and in all fairness, it would be best to slice it from pole to pole and . . . to each his own. The outbidding would be ended, and each man would have a dove at his window. But let's stop this theorizing . . . and get back to the subject under discussion.

"I want to elucidate on a character in *Okey* magazine that has a great following among children . . . —*Condorito*. The figure is the Chilean condor, the bird that enjoys the exalted privilege of gracing our heraldry with his arrogant image. With his extraordinary pencil, the artist Pepo (René Ríos) has endowed him with human



Condorito, as drawn by M. Zúñiga, a ten-year-old schoolboy admirer

traits, characterizing in him the common man—hard-working, ragged, adventurous, obliging and wholesome. . . . I pledge my allegiance to Condorito, who must be some kin to Don Rodrigo, Pepo's other character who, unfortunately for *Okey's* small readers, lives his adventures in the pages of another magazine.

"Condorito is an entertaining figure, with personality, character, and soul. He isn't happy, and that's one of his characteristic traits. Even when he's getting along fairly well, there's a trace of nostalgia in his expression. . . . Perhaps he's sad because . . . Pepo, deceiving him with his pencil and the magic of his sure, masterly strokes, has imprisoned him in the pages of

Okey. And there Condorito lives. I met him there . . . and, in brief, I am one of the thousands of admirers he must have in this country (and outside as well).

"How can I help but recall the time he found a lottery ticket? Naturally, Condorito made optimistic plans. He was right; he might win the top prize. And then, some fifty suits would come in very handy. And he would eat in swank restaurants. And he would buy the latest model car. And he would build a palace in Viña del Mar. And he would marry a gorgeous woman. . . . But what was he thinking? Get married? Condorito said to himself philosophically: 'No. Why should I complicate my life . . . ?' And he tore up the ticket and went serenely on his way.

"On another occasion one of his friends told him about the 'good self' and the 'bad self' in each of us and about the constant struggle between them, which explains man's hesitation in many circumstances. Impressed by this idea, Condorito lost his peace of mind . . . and began to feel the presence of these 'selves' that moved him back and forth, one leading to evil and the other pointing the way to goodness. From there on Condorito became involved in messes . . . arising from what he did and did not do. . . .

"And the scene with that young lad in the house where Condorito had been summoned to fix a leaky water pipe. Let's recall it. The water was filling the basement. He and the boy were seated on one of the last steps, watching some little paper boats bob around on the surface of the rising water. . . . And in the ecstasy of contemplation, Condorito's spirit seemed . . . to soar in angelic flight around the delighted youngster. All the sadness of men who had no childhood showed in the simple features of that condor, which was given human form by the pencil of a great cartoonist.

"I don't know Pepo, and I met Condorito only by chance. Let's see how that happened. I began to buy *Okey* for my son Omar, and one day I glanced through the magazine. . . . So it happened. And since that day I look for him every Saturday. One week he wasn't there, much to my disappointment. 'Do you know what, Omar?'

I said to the boy, 'Condorito didn't come.' And the dismayed child asked: 'What happened? Did he die?'

"Thus I met Condorito . . . and today I feel as much his friend . . . as the many other young friends of this Andean bird that shows eternal solitude in his face and the white purity of our mountains in his soul."



—Lo siento, Juanín; no puedo; yo tengo un pasado. . . .

"Sorry, Johnny, I can't accept them; I have a past."—Mundo Hispánico, Madrid

TELEPHONITIS

ANDRÉS RÉVESZ, in a column in the *Tribuna Libre*, Salvadorean daily published in San Salvador, expounded his views on the U. S. national pastime—or malady, depending on how you look at it—of "giving a ring" to friends and business associates at all hours of the day and night:

"When in New Orleans, I was interviewed by George Chaplin of the *New Orleans Item*. By a strange coincidence, on the same day that this writeup appeared under the two-column headline 'Spanish Newsmen Notes Phone Mania,' the famous columnist George E. Sokolsky theorized that many people suffer from telephonitis. Actually, North Americans have a decided preference for anything mechanical and are quick to seize upon any new invention. They feel that a telephone conversation is more interesting, more important, more businesslike, and therefore better than a visit in person. And if by chance they should go to see someone . . . the telephone will interrupt their conversation time after time. Logically, their host could tell his

secretary that he doesn't want to be disturbed for fifteen minutes, but he won't. . . . On my word, I'm not exaggerating when I tell you that, while a city official was showing me around Denver . . . I suddenly heard a phone ring inside the car. . . . Quite possibly, the official wouldn't have received the caller in person, but since it was a telephone call, he felt morally obligated to talk with him for more than five minutes. On numerous other occasions, I listened to conversations in offices and noticed how they repeat the spelling of names with maddening monotony. . . . A good secretary always spells out proper names, even Smith or Jones. And when a North American is introduced, he usually lets you know exactly how his name is spelled.

"George Sokolsky wrote: 'I think many people suffer from an ailment we might call telephonitis, which is more a nervous reaction than a business necessity. When they don't have anything else to do, they sit down and call someone on the phone. They can get you away from a meal or wake you up in the wee small hours of the morning.' However, it may simply be a sort of snobbishness. They think that constant use of the telephone makes a person appear very busy, with a great many important affairs to attend to. . . .

"Inventions are highly respected in the New World, be it the telephone, the elevator, or even Kleenex. Without question the telephone functions perfectly, but, after all, even guests in the most elegant hotels have to pay at least fifteen cents per call. In spite of the expense, which can mount up to a sizeable sum at the end of a trip, everyone goes right on telephoning. In the many hotels I've stayed in, the phone booths were always occupied by both men and women, comfortably seated while they talked on and on. The North American wants to be up to date, modern, and in step with the times, never old-fashioned. In his eyes, the telephone is far superior to person-to-person conversation, just as air conditioning is better than fresh air coming in the open window. . . . The man who doesn't use the elevator to go down one floor gives the impression that he has just stepped out of the past and is completely ignorant of the advantages of modern technical skill. . . ."



books

FIVE YEARS OF CHILEAN LITERATURE Ricardo A. Latcham

FOUR MAJOR LITERARY EVENTS have crowned 1954 in Chile: Pablo Neruda's fiftieth birthday, celebrated principally by local Communists and by such visiting foreign writers of that persuasion as the Brazilian Jorge Amado and the Russian Ilya Ehrenburg; the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the dramatist and novelist Daniel Barros Grez, marked by performances of his works and lectures on his life and achievements; the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Baldomero Lillo's volume of naturalistic short stories *Sub-Terra* (Below Ground); and the return home, after a fifteen-year absence, of the distinguished poetess Gabriela Mistral, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1945. Her visit was the occasion for much official and unofficial rejoicing, and the School of Philosophy and Education of the University of Chile gave her an honorary doctorate.

As the present year nears its close, it offers little hope of anything outstanding in the book field, but then creative works that transcend national boundaries are no longer found every day, as they were in the past. Although I have no exact statistics, I categorically and proudly maintain that Chile is one of the countries that have the most readers, and readers of discernment and good taste at that. This is not just a whimsical opinion; it is verified by foreign publishers' representatives who come here. But, by a gloomy paradox of our time, this sharpened appetite for the printed word coincides with a shortage of foreign exchange that curtails importation of works the studious public needs.

Chilean literature, while renowned for its contemporary poets, does not favor them with the privileges undeservedly assumed by the prose writers. It is rare for a poet—other than those already established, such as Mistral, Neruda, Vicente Huidobro, and a few others—to market his works successfully. Most publish at their

own expense or approach publishers in fear and trembling. This is true throughout this continent—throughout the world, I would almost venture to say, since I have seen it recently in Europe too. People today devour fiction; in Chile, so I'm told, the average reader chooses novels, short stories, and, in growing numbers, biographies and historical works.

Despite difficulties provoked by the scarcity of paper and of foreign currency for importing it, by the high cost of printing, and by exchange controls, four first-class publishers persevere in Santiago—Nascimento, Zig-Zag, Editorial del Pacífico, and Editorial Universitaria. They are even attempting to maintain the tradition of quality editions begun in 1933 with the exquisite Nascimento edition of Neruda's *Residencia en la Tierra*, whose hundred copies are now collector's items. The price is often very high by local standards, as with the definitive Nascimento edition of the same poet's *Machu Picchu*, illustrated by the Cuzco photographer Chambi, which is listed at eight hundred pesos.

A short time ago the University of Chile School of Philosophy and Education appointed to the faculty the eminent historian Francisco Antonio Encina, now almost eighty. One of the reasons cited by the Dean for adding to his already considerable honors was his unparalleled contribution toward encouraging among his countrymen a taste for books on Chilean history. The most astonishing thing about Encina's monumental *Historia de Chile* is the number of formerly indifferent people it has induced to care about where we came from and where we are going: all twenty volumes, published by Nascimento between 1941 and 1952 in editions averaging ten thousand copies each, have sold out; most are now being reprinted. A Zig-Zag success this year was the first two volumes of a three-volume condensation of the *Historia*, prepared by the Spanish writer Leopoldo Castedo. Superbly illustrated, the abridgment sold ten thousand copies.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, how the old aristocratic conception of history as the elegant pastime of a select minority has given way as people of the middle class—teachers, white-collar workers, government employees—become interested in their collective destiny. This phenomenon has obviously escaped the notice of some near-sighted critics and literary cliques who accuse Encina of day-dreaming about the Chilean past and of looking at epic heroes from an excessively local viewpoint that lacks the Plutarchian scope predominant in nineteenth-century Spanish American historiography. When Croce, criticizing Ludwig, expressed his opposition to the democratization of history through novelized biographies, he foresaw the impact they would have on the modern mind.

Since the novel in Chile has reached hitherto undreamed-of popularity, a good novelist is sure of a hearty welcome. For example, Eduardo Barrios' excellent *Gran Señor y Rajadiablos* (The Bohemian Aristocrat), published in 1948, was the greatest best-seller of this decade.



Ricardo Latcham, noted
Chilean literary critic

In Chile alone twenty-two thousand copies were sold, and elsewhere the combined sales of the Nascimento, Jackson, and Espasa-Calpe editions have passed a hundred thousand.

This case and others indicate a change in the mental make-up of the general public. A segment still remains that ignores local authors, but the time is long past when Chilean works would be printed in editions of from one to three thousand copies. In 1908 Luis Orrego Luco's novel *Casa Grande* (Big House), which coincided with certain social phenomena and with an economic crisis, attained the unusual distinction of selling twenty thousand copies, but no such demand was registered for the works of Baldomero Lillo, Federico Gana, Fernando Santiván, Augusto D'Halmar, or other writers of the time. In the six years since the appearance of *Gran Señor y Rajadiablos*, a powerful portrayal of rural life and of the exploits of a nineteenth-century Chilean landowner, success has come to other writers who previously had been unable to win a following.

The genre writer Luis Durand, author of numerous novels and short stories—characteristically Chilean, with their use and abuse of popular lingo—produced in 1949 an extensive rhapsody of life in southern Chile, *Frontera* (Frontier). It is a dense, uneven work, a sort of fresco of a base existence, with scenes devoid of all delicacy but corresponding to the psychology of a hard, violent era in the shaping of a people. The critic "Alone"

(Hernán Díaz Arrieta) described it as a book whose heroes are "without much spirit," but it makes up for that defect with a powerful evocation of the epic medium. Three Nascimento editions—fifteen thousand copies in all—have sold out, and critics and readers alike are still discussing it. A new printing is in preparation. Lower in esthetic stature than Barrios, and lacking his refinement, Durand compensates for his stylistic lapses with a noble insight into everything Chilean and an intuition that sniffs out telling psychological detail.

The distinguished Benjamín Subercaseaux's most recent novel, *Jemmy Button* (1950), an odd mixture of historical, imaginative, and psychological elements without precedent in our literature, was attacked by some uncomprehending critics with arguments based on constricted nationalism and aggressive intolerance, but it sold ten thousand copies, and its translation into English this year should consolidate Subercaseaux's reputation as an overwhelmingly creative man of letters (see AMERICAS, June 1954). His biggest success, though, is still *Chile, o Una Loca Geografía* (1940, published the same year in English as *Chile, A Geographic Extravaganza*), which to date has sold an unparalleled fifty thousand copies here.

In 1951 there appeared two other novels that matched the foregoing in public acclaim: *Hijo de Ladrón* (Thief's Son), by Manuel Rojas, and *Coirón* (Grass), by Daniel Belmar. In this latest production Rojas draws the most complete picture yet of the psychology of the Chilean lower class, and many consider it the best piece of fiction published in a long time. Rojas has purified his style beyond recognition since his first volume of short stories, *Hombres del Sur* (Men of the South, 1926). His technique has also been polished and perfected. *Hijo de Ladrón* combines a penetrating realism with skilled fantasy and a prose of poetic rhythm sustained throughout a vast plot. With true understanding he depicts the interior of the native prisons and analyzes the nature of pickpockets, thieves, and the outcasts of an evil or unjust society. He does not adopt the accusatory tone to which left-wing writers are addicted; he simply describes and tries to put himself inside his heroes. Traces of other artists are evident—Jack London, Bret Harte, Maxim Gorki, and Pío Baroja are perhaps his remote models—but this does not detract from the authenticity of his talents, and the substance of his already classic volume is profoundly Chilean. Its success is proved by the twelve thousand copies sold to date.

Daniel Belmar's *Coirón* is an extraordinary reconstruction of the life of the Chilean colonists who emigrate from Cautín and other southern regions to the Neuquén Territory in Argentina. He paints the pampa with vigor and realistic color that have caused the book to be compared with Güiraldes' *Don Segundo Sombra*, and poetically evokes the pasture lands stirred by the pampa wind. Numerous Chilean and Argentine characters mingle in its brilliant pages. Two editions of ten thousand copies each have been exhausted and a third will soon be out of print also.

Of our so-called "classical" writers, one towers above the rest in popularity: Alberto Blest Gana (1830-1920),

master of realism who drew his inspiration from Balzac and author of many novels that give a complete picture of Chilean life in the last century. This year the Experimental Theater of the Catholic University presented a vivid dramatization of his *Martín Rivas* (first published in 1862) by the playwright and short-story writer Santiago del Campo. The play was an immediate hit and is still running at the Santiago Municipal Theater. But what interests me most is the literary revival of *Blest Gana* it has brought about. So far this year two printings of this passionate, moving novel, totaling fifteen thousand copies, have appeared, and both were exhausted in little more than three months. In fact, the whole *Blest Gana* series continues to hold a privileged place among Chilean readers, especially in two such different worlds as that of scholars and that of mere friends of national tradition.

The reading of Chilean books certainly does not imply a waning demand for authors of other languages and literatures. The younger public has shown a preference for various European and U.S. writers of recent generations, and in the Santiago bookstores I investigated, Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman are high on selling lists. Among contemporary fiction writers, William Faulkner, translated into Spanish in Madrid and Buenos Aires, is the choice of a small group. But the most sought-after author is Eugene O'Neill, whose plays have been put on by several experimental theaters. Next come John Steinbeck and Erskine Caldwell, who are read by writers of advanced tastes. Another sector prefers Thomas Wolfe, but only his *Of Time and the River* has been translated and the edition is out of print. An important consideration here is the large number of people, both adults and students, who daily attend English classes at the British and U.S. cultural centers.

The most-read French writers, in the original or in translation, seem to be Albert Camus and Jean Paul Sartre. More conservative readers prefer Mauriac or Claudel, and still held in high esteem is Marcel Proust, whose influence on the new Chilean fiction is very marked. The British are also well received, and Graham Greene is popular in Spanish translation. The most influential in intellectual circles is Aldous Huxley, followed, among a minority, by the Catholic novelist Evelyn Waugh. The growing sophistication of the avant-garde and a kind of tacked-on existentialism help to spread the works of authors difficult for the average man to understand, such as Franz Kafka, Sartre, and Gabriel Marcel.

The powerful postwar Italian fiction, outstanding for its neo-realists, is attracting a following among all sorts of readers. The favorites here are Alberto Moravia, Guido Piovene, Curzio Malaparte (who visited Chile in 1952), Pavese, Dino Buzzati (a kind of Kafka with fine psychological insight), and Giovanni Guareschi (creator of the renowned Don Camillo).

Classic Russian literature is read more than contemporary, and very few present-day Soviet novelists are translated into Spanish, except by a few Communist publishers in Buenos Aires and Montevideo. But public demand for such books is comparatively slight.

As Western civilization passes through a difficult

period, there is promise for Chile in the fact that, as its current literature demonstrates, the country is bound to its highest traditions and is full of native vitality.



BACKWOODS PROPHET

THE TALE OF CANUDOS, retold in Lucien Marchal's historical novel, *The Sage of Canudos*, is a stirring one that has fired the imagination of more than one writer. The building of a town in the middle of the Brazilian desert thanks to the vision of an ignorant prophet and his fanatically devoted followers; its incredibly staunch resistance, late in the last century, to the troops of a young republic which imagined its very existence threatened by the prophet's teachings—such is the matter of the story. It is, of course, but a small episode in history, and would hardly be known today if a brilliant journalist had not made it the core of a work which has become not only a classic of Brazilian literature but also a fountainhead of the best of contemporary writing: Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões*, Rio de Janeiro, 1902 (ably translated into English by Samuel Putnam as *Rebellion in the Backlands* [Chicago, 1944]; the 1947 London edition, *Revolt in the Backlands*, is an abridgment). Without this magnificent work the later retellings by R. B. Cunninghame Graham (*A Brazilian Mystic*, London, 1920) and by the author of the book under review would never have been attempted.

Cunninghame Graham tried, not always successfully, to stick to fact (I am assuming, without verification, that *Os Sertões* is historically accurate). Lucien Marchal set out to compose a historical novel: in the process he took many liberties with history. There can be no objection to filling in with the imagination the blank spaces left by the historical narrative, or even to altering minor events and characters to suit the storyteller's purpose. Unfortunately M. Marchal has gone beyond that point. His maps and his occasional digressions into historical background suggest respect for the essential facts of history; but in practice he has, for example, combined into one the first two expeditions against Canudos, and given it a wholly imaginary commander, one Braz Barroso. In a novel such telescoping is no doubt justifiable; but as the first expedition set off from Joazeiro and did not get beyond Uauá, whereas the second started

from Queimadas and almost reached Canudos, the route of the "expedition" shown on the map (Queimadas to Uauá) is of necessity false. What is indicated on the same map as Marshal Bittencourt's itinerary is actually that of Major Febrônio de Brito's troops. Many more unfortunate inaccuracies parading as fact could be pointed out. My quarrel here is not with the novelistic falsification of fact, but with the masquerading of fancy as reality.

On another point, however, the falsification itself—arising, I fear, rather from ignorance than from artistic design—is unpardonable. I refer to the substitution of Saint Sebastian as the prophet's shining knight for Don Sebastian, the Portuguese king who disappeared in 1578 in an African battle against the Moors. In other words, M. Marchal failed to grasp the mystic and political significance of Sebastianism, the belief that Sebastian—like the legendary King Arthur—would eventually return to rule a regenerated world. That faith is fundamental in the drama of Canudos; to distort it is to miss a good part of the meaning of the whole episode. Again, if this were not a historical novel, it would make little difference; but in a purported re-creation, the matter is of capital importance.

As a historical novel, therefore, M. Marchal's book is a disappointment. But as a novel in its own right it makes lively reading. The largely fictional section on the early years of the future prophet presents a quite credible picture of what his first experiences could have been. The story of his marriage and its eventual dissolution is, as fiction, highly satisfactory; so likewise is the gallery of rogues and innocents who flock around the bearded prophet. M. Marchal has a flair for dialogue and incident fit to keep his readers fascinated to the very end. The final pages are moving as well as exciting. I dare say, however, that discriminating readers will wish the author had not stooped to marring an essentially masculine story with the fictional Anita: one suspects that she was introduced for any but artistic reasons; besides, she invariably slows down the pace of a fast-moving tale.

As I closed the book, I thought back to the title and wondered by what perverted alchemy an ignorant and neurotic mystic had won the name of *sage*. The question was answered by reference to the French original: *Le Mage du sertão* (sic), "Seer" or "prophet" would obviously come much closer to M. Marchal's meaning than "sage." Throughout the book, indeed, the reader of the English version is uncomfortably conscious that the Belgian author has been translated by an inexperienced hand. Any schoolboy would know that "For several months he suffered from his stomach" is an erroneous rendering of "*Depuis plusieurs mois déjà il souffrait de l'estomac.*" And what about the meaningless "It was not for some time that he began to think" for "*Ce n'est qu'au bout d'un long moment qu'il se mit à penser?*" Examples of downright wrong or merely awkward translations could be multiplied. Errors in Portuguese, however, are the author's, not the translator's: M. Marchal himself consistently misspells the prophet's title *Conselheiro* as *Conseilheiro*; and *adiós*, it seems hardly necessary to point

out, is not Portuguese. And so on.

In spite of such defects, the novel is, for the general reader, wonderfully thrilling. Let us hope that it will lead him on to Euclides da Cunha's masterpiece. By comparison, *Le Mage du sertão* seems but a watered-down version of that superb book. *Os Sertões* is long, and it is difficult reading; even so it is, as a psychological interpretation, more convincing than either of its successors; as a tale, more exciting; and as a human drama, more deeply moving. For its author felt passionately what to others has been no more than a theme for a rousing yarn.—*Benjamin M. Woodbridge, Jr.*

THE SAGE OF CANUDOS, by Lucien Marchal, translated from the French by Charles Duff. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1954. 331 p. \$3.95

BOOK NOTES

CONTEMPORARY LATIN-AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY, selected and with introduction and notes by Anibal Sánchez Reulet, translated from the Spanish and Portuguese by Willard R. Trask. Albuquerque, The University of New Mexico Press, 1954. 285 p. \$5.00

The fifty years or so covered by this anthology comprise almost the entire period during which there has been any genuinely creative cultivation of philosophy in Latin America. During all the preceding centuries, Dr. Sánchez Reulet points out in his introduction, originality of thought was hampered first by the orthodoxy dominant in and imposed by Spain and Portugal, later by the pressing needs of brand-new nations. The philosophies of Europe were widely and deeply studied—indeed, "philosophic thought, transformed into political ideologies, was a decisive factor in the history of the Latin American peoples"—but it is only recently that true philosophers, as opposed to students or popularizers of the ideas of others, have appeared there. The twelve representatives Dr. Sánchez Reulet has chosen include Enrique José Varona of Cuba, perhaps noted more for his literary work than for his philosophy and differing from the others in that he dates from the era of positivism; Alejandro O. Deustua of Peru; Carlos Vaz Ferreira of Uruguay; Alejandro Korn, José Ingenieros, Alberto Rougès, and Francisco Romero of Argentina; Raimundo de Fariás Brito, José Pereira da Graça Aranha (another who is not known primarily as a philosopher), and Jackson de Figueiredo of Brazil; and José Vasconcelos and Antonio Caso of Mexico. These are the modern thinkers whose names "have already become canonical." Dr. Sánchez Reulet is chief of the PAU division of philosophy, letters, and sciences, and the Spanish original of this volume was published by the Union in 1949 as *La Filosofía Latinoamericana Contemporánea*.

Answers to Quiz on page 42

1. *Estrellita*
2. Aaron Copland
3. Gershwin
4. Musical bow
5. West
6. True
7. Chilean
8. Magnificent symphonies
9. Teresa Carreño
10. Ernesto Lecuona



EMBASSY ROW

Dr. Guillermo Enciso Velloso—photographed with his younger daughter, fifteen-year-old Marta Margarita—represents Paraguay in the United States and on the OAS Council. Teacher, journalist, and five times cabinet member, Dr. Enciso received his university education in Madrid and entered politics upon his return to Asunción in 1928. Today he is president of the "Colorado" party (more formally, the National Republican Association). He has been Minister of Education, Economy, Justice, Labor, and Finance, and headed the Paraguayan delegation to the United Nations in Paris and until recently in New York. In 1944 he toured U.S. universities at the invitation of the State Department and was particularly interested in the psychology courses, since that is his specialty. Ambassador Enciso has been director of the Asunción dailies *El País* and *Patria*; in his own writing he deals with domestic politics, primary education, psychology, and sociology. This is not the first time he has served in Washington—in 1947-48 he held the same post.

The Enciso family in the living room of the Embassy on upper Sixteenth Street. From left, seated: Guillermo Antonio, seventeen, an engineering student at the Catholic University in Washington; José Luis, eight; Mrs. Enciso, a gifted amateur pianist, who before her marriage was Isabel Delfina Planás; the Ambassador; and Marta Margarita, a Sacred Heart pupil who is also studying ballet. Standing: Carlos Alberto, ten; Maria Isabel, nineteen, and her husband, Miguel Angel Reyes, Second Secretary of the Embassy; and Miguel Angel, thirteen.



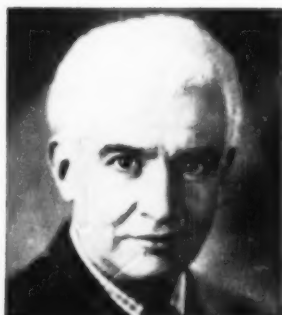
The four Enciso boys and the family cocker spaniel puppy, who has not yet been baptized.

Carlos Alberto (left) shows signs of becoming a boxer, in his father's opinion; Miguel Angel, now in junior high school, has artistic tastes and likes to sketch and sculpture.



KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' MUSIC?

Answers on page 40



1. Mexican Manuel M. Ponce is the composer of one of his country's most familiar and best loved songs. Is it *El Manisero* (The Peanut Vendor), *Estrellita*, *A Media Luz*, or *Tico-Tico no Fubá*?

2. U.S. composer _____ is noted for his orchestral piece *El Salón México*, ballets *Rodeo* and *Billy the Kid*. Fill in the blank.



3. Pianist Jesús María Sanromá of Puerto Rico was formerly with the Boston Symphony. Is he famous for his interpretation of Puccini, Verdi, Gershwin, or Offenbach?

4. At trainside, Uruguayan serenades departing friends with primitive musical instrument found in many South American countries. Is it a musical bow, musical saw, bongó, or clavichord?



5. Would you say that the pan-pipe, ancient instrument still played in the South American Andes, is usually found on the continent's east, west, or Caribbean coast?

6. Peruvian Yma Sumac, pictured here with her husband Moisés Vivanco (left) and troupe of Inca musicians, has a voice range of four octaves that allows her to change quickly from deep tones to soaring coloratura. True or false?



7. One of the truly great musicians of our time is pianist Claudio Arrau, distinguished for his renditions of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Is he Colombian, Panamanian, Argentine, or Chilean?

8. Is the genius of Brazilian Heitor Villa-Lobos reflected in his operatic voice, popular samba compositions, concert violin, or magnificent symphonies?



9. Famous late Venezuelan pianist, a pupil of Rubinstein and Gottschalk, known for her interpretations of Chopin and Liszt. Was she Madame Schumann-Heink, Teresa Carreño, Bidú Sayão, or Guiomar Novaes?

10. Cuba's best-known popular song writer, composer of such favorites as *Malagueña*, *Siboney*, and *María La O*. Do you know his name?



CONTRIBUTORS



Because she is the only mother on AMERICAS' staff, LILLIAN L. DE TAGLE seemed the logical person to write about the latest in children's toys, which she describes in her article "Christmas in Toyland." She went to New York to gather the material and points out that she couldn't have fulfilled her mission without the kind aid and advice of Mr. Gil Corwin, divisional merchandise manager of toys of the Independent Retailers Syndicate, Inc. The gadgets are made to appeal to buying parents as well as admiring tots, of course, and Mrs. Tagle had a grand time trying them out as she took the opportunity to become acquainted with some of New York's leading toymakers.



ENRIQUE ANDERSON IMBERT, author of this month's short story, "The Lesson," is a well-known Argentine novelist and literary critic. After receiving his doctorate in philosophy and letters from the University of Buenos Aires, he became professor of Hispanic American literature at the University of Tucumán. In 1947 he visited the United States for the first time. He taught at Harvard and Princeton and is now on the faculty of the University of Michigan. His novel *Vigilia* won the Buenos Aires Municipal Literary Prize in 1934. Some of his other works of fiction are *Las Pruebas del Caos* (The Proofs of Chaos) and *Fuga* (Escape). Dr. Anderson Imbert has also written several volumes of essays and criticism and a number of magazine articles, including several for AMERICAS. "The Lesson" is illustrated by Washington artist GIL WALKER, whose work has appeared in a number of leading U. S. magazines.

JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE, head of the PAU visual arts section, has been a friend of the Cuban artist Amelia Peláez for a number of years. He organized her first exhibit of paintings in New York in 1941 and her first retrospective show in Cuba more than twelve years ago. Miss Peláez and he have worked together on many projects and group exhibits both on their native island and in Argentina, Haiti, Guatemala, and elsewhere. In "Amelia Peláez: Modern Baroque," he discusses her from the viewpoint of both friend and art critic. Born in Matanzas, Mr. Gómez-Sicre was educated in sociology and diplomatic law, but soon made art his vocation, although he had intended to follow it only as a sideline. A former

art critic for the Havana newspaper *El Mundo*, he is widely traveled and personally acquainted with many of today's leading artists.



One of the principal interests of the Havana professor and literary critic SALVADOR BUENO is "The Short Story in Spanish America." This is in addition to his permanent preoccupation with the development of the novel and short story in his native Cuba. A specialist in all forms of literary expression, both local and foreign, he has served as judge in numerous writing contests. Dr. Bueno is a professor both at the Institute of Secondary Instruction in El Vedado (a Havana suburb) and at the University of Havana summer school. He is also an instructor in the history of Cuban and Spanish American literature at the School of Philosophy and Letters. His critiques have appeared in numerous publications, and his book *Medio Siglo de Literatura Cubana* (Half a Century of Cuban Literature) appeared last year.



The "C" in ANDRÉS URIBE C.'s name might just as well stand for "coffee" as for his mother's name, because the author of "The Life and Times of a Coffee-Grower" has spent his whole life in the industry. Born in Bogotá, Colombia, he worked on the family coffee *fincas* as a youth, and entered the business professionally upon the completion of his schooling. Today Mr. Uribe is official representative in the United States of the National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia and Colombian permanent delegate to the Pan American Coffee Bureau, of which he has been president several times. In addition to holding these positions, he is commercial adviser to the Colombian Embassy in Washington and his country's representative on the Special Commission on Coffee of the OAS Inter-American Economic and Social Council. Mr. Uribe has also written extensively on various aspects of the business for leading newspapers and magazines in the coffee-producing countries.

In the book section, RICARDO LATCHAM, critic and professor of Chilean and Spanish American literature at the University of Chile, reports on "Five Years of Chilean Literature." Lucien Marchal's historical novel *The Sage of Canudos* is reviewed by BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE, JR., assistant professor of Portuguese at the University of California, Berkeley.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

AMERICAN VS. NORTH AMERICAN

Dear Sirs:

How right Miss Vivian Fiore was in her letter "Guatemalan Holiday" (AMERICAS, July 1954) when she spoke of herself as "only another American." But I'm not sure whether she meant an American from America or from North America. For some reason the U.S. citizen (or North American, as you choose) usually calls himself an American, when in reality he is a North American. Aren't we all Americans, be it North, Central, or South? My fondest wish is to make our brothers understand that they are not the only Americans, but *all of us* who have had the good fortune to be born in this Hemisphere. I hope someone can help me find the reason for this practice or tell me if I am in error.

José M. Debanne
Córdoba, Argentina

Reader Debanne is right; we're all Americans. However, the so-called misnomer undoubtedly arises from the name United States of America (not North America). Technically speaking, even the term North American should not be applied only to U.S. citizens, to the exclusion of Mexicans, Canadians, and so on. Unfortunately, the Spanish term estadounidense has no true counterpart in English. It's a thorny problem.

PSYCHOLOGY CONGRESS

Dear Sirs:

Sponsored by the Interamerican Society of Psychology, the Mexican Department of Education, and the National University of Mexico, the Second Interamerican Congress of Psychology will take place from December 14 to 19 at University City, Mexico, D.F. One hundred delegates from the U.S.A., Canada, and various Latin American countries will be guests (including room, board, and receptions) of the Congress and of the University. The Psychology of Education will be the central theme, treated from the viewpoints of applied psychology, social anthropology, psychotherapy, teaching, and related fields. There will be four major symposia, plus conferences, showings and discussions of films, and visits to educational and therapeutic institutions.

Interested and qualified persons may secure further information from the undersigned. Available to Interamerican Society of Psychology members who wish to attend as participants are a limited number of guest accommodations at the University, and a large number at special rates at nearby hotels (\$2.50 single, \$3.50 double, including breakfast). Since the demand for accommodations is sure to exceed the available capacity, you are urged to apply for membership immediately if you wish to take part in the activities. You will be invited to lunches, teas, suppers, and excursions (to Indian centers, for example, following the Congress). Annual membership fee for the Interamerican Society of Psychology is \$5.00, payable upon acceptance. To apply, send your curriculum vitae in triplicate to me.

Werner Wolff
Secretary General
The Interamerican Society of Psychology
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

LATINS IN MANHATTAN

Dear Sirs:

It may interest AMERICAS readers to know that nineteen separate Hispanic organizations recently banded together to form the Federation of Spanish Societies in New York. Among them were the Spanish Society "La Nacional," the Hispanic-Democratic Committee of the Bronx, the Galician House, the United Mexican Societies, the Cuban Ateneo, the Spanish-American Citizens of Queens, the Puerto Rican Association of Civil Employees, and the Circle of Latin American Writers and Poets. The idea is to coordinate the activities of Spanish-speaking people throughout the city. The Federation will not enter partisan politics of any kind, but will approach local, state, and federal authorities with collective problems and suggested solutions.

Jesús de Galindez
New York, N.Y.

ARGENTINE BOUND?

Dear Sirs:

I have noticed a general misconception that Argentina is nothing but a pampa, that the Argentine tango is the same as the Spanish tango, and that only gauchos live here. Because of this, I offer my services to anyone who wants to visit Argentina, to go with him and show him "our city." Far from having any ulterior motives or profit-making scheme in mind, I just want to help correct erroneous impressions. I would also be glad to furnish information by correspondence to people in other countries interested in knowing more about mine. I am an eighteen-year-old student at the School of Economic Sciences of the University of Buenos Aires, and feel I am in a good position to give tourists an insight into my country.

Germinal Nogués
Anchorena 1262
Buenos Aires, Argentina

ON THE MOVE

Dear Sirs:

I wish to correspond with someone in Baja California or Sonora in Mexico. I want to learn more about the northern Mexican states as I wish to move there next June.

I can write and understand both English and Spanish. I am seventeen years old and will graduate from high school next June.

Soledad Dawn Baker
504 Palmyra Road
Dixon, Illinois

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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Beatriz Morello (S, E) Catamarca, 1198 Rosario, Santa Fé, Argentina	Nicolás Liberatore (S, E) La Paz, 2867 Rosario, Santa Fé, Argentina
Leticia Warecki (S, F) Washington, 639 Rosario, Santa Fé, Argentina	Susana Sadi (S, F) Avenida del Libertador General San Martín, 5877 Belgrano, Buenos Aires, Argentina
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

AMERICAN VS. NORTH AMERICAN

Dear Sirs:

How right Miss Vivian Fiore was in her letter "Guatemalan Holiday" (AMERICAS, July 1954) when she spoke of herself as "only another American." But I'm not sure whether she meant an American from America or from North America. For some reason the U.S. citizen (or North American, as you choose) usually calls himself an American, when in reality he is a North American. Aren't we all Americans, be it North, Central, or South? My fondest wish is to make our brothers understand that they are not the only Americans, but *all of us* who have had the good fortune to be born in this Hemisphere. I hope someone can help me find the reason for this practice or tell me if I am in error.

José M. Debanne
Córdoba, Argentina

Reader Debanne is right; we're all Americans. However, the so-called misnomer undoubtedly arises from the name United States of America (not North America). Technically speaking, even the term North American should not be applied only to U.S. citizens, to the exclusion of Mexicans, Canadians, and so on. Unfortunately, the Spanish term estadounidense has no true counterpart in English. It's a thorny problem.

PSYCHOLOGY CONGRESS

Dear Sirs:

Sponsored by the Interamerican Society of Psychology, the Mexican Department of Education, and the National University of Mexico, the Second Interamerican Congress of Psychology will take place from December 14 to 19 at University City, Mexico, D.F. One hundred delegates from the U.S.A., Canada, and various Latin American countries will be guests (including room, board, and receptions) of the Congress and of the University. The Psychology of Education will be the central theme, treated from the viewpoints of applied psychology, social anthropology, psychotherapy, teaching, and related fields. There will be four major symposia, plus conferences, showings and discussions of films, and visits to educational and therapeutic institutions.

Interested and qualified persons may secure further information from the undersigned. Available to Interamerican Society of Psychology members who wish to attend as participants are a limited number of guest accommodations at the University, and a large number at special rates at nearby hotels (\$2.50 single, \$3.50 double, including breakfast). Since the demand for accommodations is sure to exceed the available capacity, you are urged to apply for membership immediately if you wish to take part in the activities. You will be invited to lunches, teas, suppers, and excursions (to Indian centers, for example, following the Congress). Annual membership fee for the Interamerican Society of Psychology is \$5.00, payable upon acceptance. To apply, send your curriculum vitae in triplicate to me.

Werner Wolff
Secretary General
The Interamerican Society of Psychology
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

LATINS IN MANHATTAN

Dear Sirs:

It may interest AMERICAS readers to know that nineteen separate Hispanic organizations recently banded together to form the Federation of Spanish Societies in New York. Among them were the Spanish Society "La Nacional," the Hispanic-Democratic Committee of the Bronx, the Galician House, the United Mexican Societies, the Cuban Ateneo, the Spanish-American Citizens of Queens, the Puerto Rican Association of Civil Employees, and the Circle of Latin American Writers and Poets. The idea is to coordinate the activities of Spanish-speaking people throughout the city. The Federation will not enter partisan politics of any kind, but will approach local, state, and federal authorities with collective problems and suggested solutions.

Jesús de Galíndez
New York, N.Y.

ARGENTINE BOUND?

Dear Sirs:

I have noticed a general misconception that Argentina is nothing but a pampa, that the Argentine tango is the same as the Spanish tango, and that only gauchos live here. Because of this, I offer my services to anyone who wants to visit Argentina, to go with him and show him "our city." Far from having any ulterior motives or profit-making scheme in mind, I just want to help correct erroneous impressions. I would also be glad to furnish information by correspondence to people in other countries interested in knowing more about mine. I am an eighteen-year-old student at the School of Economic Sciences of the University of Buenos Aires, and feel I am in a good position to give tourists an insight into my country.

Germinal Nogués
Anchorena 1262
Buenos Aires, Argentina

ON THE MOVE

Dear Sirs:

I wish to correspond with someone in Baja California or Sonora in Mexico. I want to learn more about the northern Mexican states as I wish to move there next June.

I can write and understand both English and Spanish. I am seventeen years old and will graduate from high school next June.

Soledad Dawn Baker
504 Palmyra Road
Dixon, Illinois

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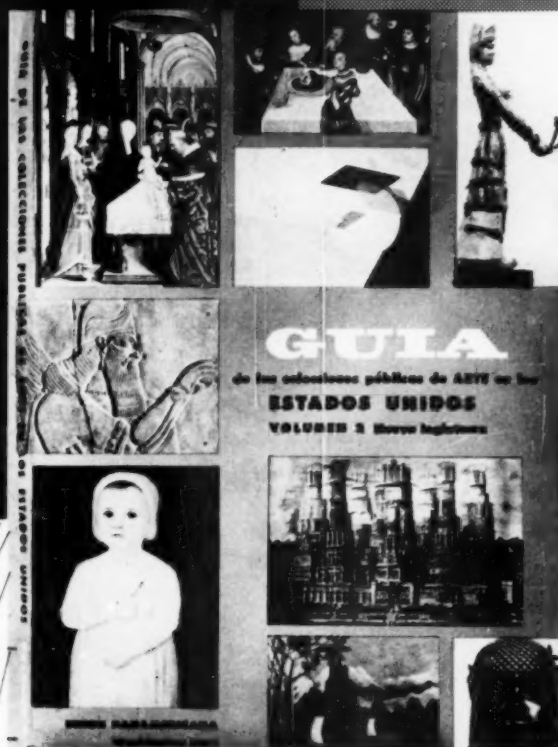
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